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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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From Fair to Fair

PROGRESS, as any bore will remark, is not an unadulterated blessing. Otherwise the Exposition kindled to light in Chicago last week by a ray from Arcturus would find the America of 1933 sitting beautifully atop its world, thumbing a scornful nose at the self that opened the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. But as a matter of fact, a nation which the march of progress has hurtled into a hundred confusions, looks back on the Exposition of forty years ago, caught, too, in the wash of a financial panic, with nostalgia for the lesser perplexities of that day. It has come far since that time.

The Columbian Exposition of the nineties was itself a landmark in national progress, for it not only introduced America to the world, it introduced the world to America. To a people who still travelled abroad freely only in so far as they happened to be rich, and who still regarded as competence what was but yesterday a clerk's salary, it brought the first glimpse of alien races and places. Who of the young generation, except through the pages of "Years of Grace," has knowledge of the White City of 1893? Yet it gave a fillip to the national interest and a stimulus to curiosity that had an incalculably quickening effect upon the national psychology. Its lagoons, its Philippine village, its Borneo tribesmen, its exhibits from far and near, for the first time brought within the vision of the average American the world without his boundaries. As much as anything else in the last century the World's Fair helped to wean America from provincialism.

The new Chicago Fair finds an America plunged into the maelstrom of foreign affairs. It finds an America not only gasping under the impact of political problems but inchoate and disorganized in the national mind. Progress has been a bit too much for it. From all the ends of the earth impressions have come raining in upon it, sped on the wings of progress *in the form of the radio, or the movie,* or the telephone. Vast numbers of people who knew nothing at all about anything in particular forty years ago know something imperfectly about everything now. The nomenclature of the scientist has become the jargon of the public, the secrets of the wilderness are the property of the movie fan. A Hottentot is no more amazing than an Indian, and Stanley's darkest Africa is as familiar as the cranberry bogs of New Jersey. The excitement, the tautening of the spirit that come from surprising the unknown are lost to a day that drinks in pictures on the screen along with its mother's milk. It is small wonder that under the constant bombardment of the senses literature is confused, thought is adrift, life without symmetry. Perhaps another forty years, and a new World's Fair will find that progress has been not merely change but coördination. It is the opportunity of literature to make it so.

It is literature's opportunity, for it is literature, not radio, or movie, or newspaper, that can best get life in perspective. All those devices of which progress is so justly proud but make more rapid the shifts of opinion, more immediate the emotional reactions of nations. The sober second thought of society upon its own foibles, its fancies, and its ideals can hardly hope for expression through the same means that disseminate news. It is for literature to try to bring harmony out of the confusion of the ideas spread by those other instrumentalities.

JULES ROMAINS

The French Dos Passos

MEN OF GOOD WILL. By JULES ROMAINS. Volume I: The Sixth of October. Volume II: Quinette's Crime. Translated from the French by Warre B. Wells. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

JULES ROMAINS has been called the "French Dos Passos." This is a provincial judgment, for, [illegible] of record, he was busy on problems of perspective in fiction long before Dos Passos had clutched his sheepskin and quit the Harvard yard; and his adventures in his chosen field—based quite evidently on the philosophical and psychological researches of Bergson and William James—antedate those of Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, Joyce, and, very possibly, Proust. His "Death of a Nobody," published in America in 1914, was a startling *tour de force* in which memory itself served as the protagonist; the novel consisted of the gradual elimination of a dead person from the minds of those who had loved him, who had known him, or who had merely encountered him. This was "trick stuff"; but "Men of Good Will" has benefited by the practice of tracking memory through the labyrinth of minds which Romains has put behind him.

Modern life, so Romains recognized as far back as 1905, has become too complicated, too tenuous, too unintegrated, to achieve an adequate fictional pattern if exhibited through one person's story. In a simple society, where the whites and blacks of good and evil are recognized and acted upon in similar fashion by whole populaces, the macrocosm of the world can be portrayed through the microcosm of the individual, or of the family. But today it would be absurd, for example, to portray New York City, as Balzac might have tried to portray it, by bringing a young man from the country and following on to his apotheosis as head of the Union League Club; New York would simply escape the author. Nor would a New York family serve as focal point; the world of Edith Wharton is dead.

So Romains, like Thackeray, but with far less emphasis on the structural element of society (for society has become fluid), has turned to the "novel without a hero." "Men of Good Will"—which, ultimately, may run on to as many volumes as Proust—is a collection of stories, woven in and out, a thread interrupted here, a thread picked up there, some tied up and neatly snipped off, some running ragged, some possibly dropped for ever. Romains

(*Continued on next page*)

*Gentle Master Spenser**

By TUCKER BROOKE

WHO is the greatest of the Elizabethan poets? To such a question Ben Jonson's cohorts would have shouted truculently "Rare Ben!" into the ears of all and sundry; but, in his rarest mood, Ben himself, I think, would have sworn his auditors to secrecy and whispered, "Will Shakespeare." Shakespeare, loyal dramatist that he was, would have voted for Kit Marlowe; and Marlowe, without a pause or a pang, would have transferred the laurel to his master, Spenser.

The last would have been beyond comparison the most popular Elizabethan choice. In it unites, indeed, a well-nigh universal chorus of the poet's contemporaries, from Robert Allott, who in his anthology, "England's Parnassus," can content himself with no fewer than 387 Spenserian extracts, to all the motley but unanimous critics who saw in Spenser the only modern rival to the greatest of the ancients. "The only living Homer," "our Homer," "Edmund Spenser, Homerus Britannicus"; so, with hardly a dissenting voice, runs the verdict of the age.

It was to gentle Master Spenser that Englishmen turned during the years between 1579 and 1599, and have turned ever since, for the clearest-souled and clearest-eyed interpretation of the greatest English era: to Spenser, who first restored Chaucer to his primacy among English poets and first gave him a companion and a noble expositor; who first after Chaucer raised poetry from the casual pastime of idle hours and made it again the guide and inspiration of mankind; and who first of all Englishmen really combined the powers of the singer and the prophet. London-born, Cambridge-bred, an ardent and gracious courtier, the friend of the noblest spirits of the time, the knight-errant of righteousness, the adventurer in realms beyond the sea, the constant foe of special and political corruption and all unmanliness, the arch-exponent of the wonder and splendor of life well lived: Spenser was in the eyes of his contemporaries incomparably the greatest English man of letters, the most potent force in English literature.

And how does he stand today? Surely, he is not being neglected. The handsome, compendious, and very useful first volume of the Johns Hopkins Variorum edition, which Mr. Osgood and Mr. Padelford have just published on the basis of Edwin Greenlaw's noble plan, is but the most impressive witness in the mounting flood of testimony to the appeal that our present world finds in Spenser. As the editors say in their Preface: "The number of scholars devoting themselves primarily to the study of Spenser has steadily increased for the last quarter of a century, and fresh studies appear with every volume of the learned journals." Indeed, it is true that a student of Spenser today has to deal, so far as critical literature is concerned, with material decidedly more modern and more copious than that which engages the student of Tennyson. Confronted with all this, and concretely with the four hundred pages of digested learning that the volume before us offers for the first book of the "Fairy Queen" alone, a reviewer must ask himself the question which Lowell asked about Chaucer, and Lounsbury about Shakespeare: "Will it *do* to write anything more about Spenser?" Only, perhaps, on one point, which an age suspicious of pedantry will inevitably raise. Is all this growing mass of Spenser study justified by the present worth of the poet? Why read Spenser today? Let us put the question and stay for several answers.

First, because the "Fairy Queen" is for variety of character and incident, magnificent skill of structure—yea, and one might almost maintain, for compression—one of the marvels of the world's fiction. Rest the soul of Macaulay! Far be it from me to draw attention to the slips of one whom none but the mustiest pedant can read without profit and delight; but this is part of what he wrote in an evil hour, when he had allowed the dust to grow thick upon his Spenser: "Nay, even Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of 'Fairy Queen.'"

Allegory, forsooth! If "The Fairy Queen" is allegorical, so are "Hamlet" and "Vanity Fair" and the book of Job. It was no mystic fantasy that one of the keenest patriots, colonists, and politicians of his age read to Walter Raleigh and dedicated to Elizabeth, "to live with the eternity of her fame." It was not allegorical symbolism of any drowsy kind which he introduced by fourteen votive sonnets to the greatest lords of the realm, and for which the penurious but practical queen placed him upon her civil list.

Tedious, indeed! The entire extant corpus of the "Fairy Queen" amounts to about 280,000 words. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" contains 340,000, and "Vanity Fair" is not an unduly long novel as the greater pieces of English fiction go. Spenser uses

* THE WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER. A Variorum Edition. Edited by Edwin Greenlaw, Charles Grosvenor Osgood, Frederick Morgan Padelford. Volume I. The Faerie Queene, Book One. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1933. $6.

This Week

TRIUMPH OF PERSEPOLIS
A poem by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

UNDER THE FIFTH RIB
By C. E. M. JOAD
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon

ADVENTURES IN IDEAS
By ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD
Reviewed by F. S. C. Northrop

JULIA NEWBERRY'S DIARY
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA
By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED
Reviewed by Raymond Leslie Buell

PITY IS NOT ENOUGH
By JOSEPHINE HERBST
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?
By HANS FALLADA
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

NOTES WITH A YELLOW PEN: VI
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week, or Later

WORLD PANORAMA
By GEORGE SELDES
Reviewed by William MacDonald

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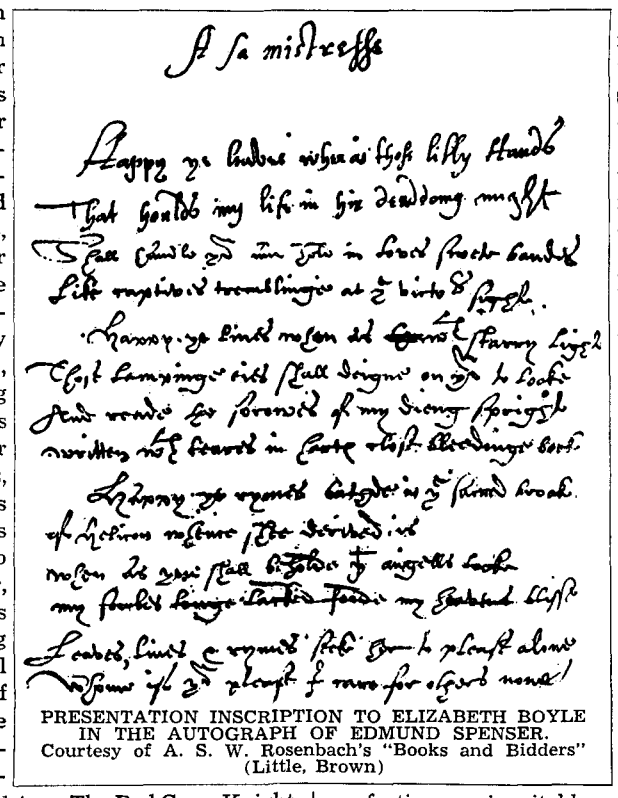
as much language as—to mention only the dead! — William De Morgan or Arnold Bennett would employ in tracing the career of a couple of human mediocrities, or Richardson would squander on a single flirtatious episode. And what unparalleled effects he does accomplish!

Here we have in truth the ideal novel, the picture of life as it is, and—if one does not overvalue the *dei ex machina*, Arthur and Gloriana—without a hero or a heroine. In three of the books, indeed—the first, second, and fifth—the doings of the particular knight celebrated occupy a major part of the story; but in each book a different knight is treated, and in the other three a central figure hardly exists. Spenser's men and women pursue their careers through ever fresh and apparently unpremeditated incidents, resisting or yielding to the natural temptations they encounter, performing their heroisms and their meannesses, lost sometimes for long series of cantos to the reader, but always reappearing in the natural progress of events. While life lasts, interest continues and duty drives. The Red Cross Knight accomplishes early his great devoir. He slays his dragon and wins the lady; but wedding bells do not sweep him off the



PRESENTATION INSCRIPTION TO ELIZABETH BOYLE IN THE AUTOGRAPH OF EDMUND SPENSER.
Courtesy of A. S. W. Rosenbach's "Books and Bidders" (Little, Brown)

the rest to silence. The
im again and again, fol-
course, bearing modestly
; his friends, resisting his foes, and losing no scintilla of his interest though he never again occupies the centre of the stage. This, I suppose, is what makes men read Trollope to the bitter end; and for this, forsooth, they call the "Fairy Queen" tedious; they say it lacks coherence and structure and definiteness of plot.

The third book is a good example of the poet's method. It is entitled the book of Chastity, and concerns itself almost wholly with the aspect of life involved in the treatment of that virtue and its opposite. The first three cantos and the last two deal chiefly with Britomart, the titular heroine, but in none of the intermediate seven cantos is she the main figure. Thus the beautiful legend of Britomart is thrown round the book like the hoops about a bulging cask. But Britomart is for Spenser much more than a symbol of chastity, and her destiny carries her far beyond the limits of the book to which she gives her name. So chastity, "That fairest virtue, far above the rest," is too manifold in its human variations to be made the embellishments of a single individual. It reveals itself in the third book in many types of women: in the knightly maiden, Britomart, seeking with passionate longing the just Sir Artegal; and quite otherwise in the huntress Belphoebe, vowed to Diana and immune to human passion, yet softly human in her ministrations to the wounded squire, human also in the pique she feels when Timias shows a momentary touch of sentiment for another maid. Again chastity is glorified in the virgin wife Amoret, kidnapped on her wedding day, but triumphantly resisting through long months the superhuman torments and temptations of her captor. And once more the virtue appears in the radiant Florimel, the charming lady of the court, whose pretty story shoots like a gold thread through all the rainbow colors of the third, fourth, and fifth books, as she braves the terrors of forest and of sea to save her reluctant lover Marinel.

Let it not be supposed that Spenser's characters enjoy in Fairyland any exemption from the evils of actual life. With all its lovely virtue, there is nothing saccharine about the book. The woods are full of loathly foresters, the sea has its lewd fisherman, and knightly armor sometimes hides the poltroon and deceiver. In two cantos of Book III Spenser, with quite Italianesque realism, sets off his pictures of chastity by the unchaste story of the gay Lothario, Sir Paridell, the jealous Malbecco, and the wanton Hellenore. They fill in the sketch of life, and the greatness of the book shows in this, that Paridell and Hellenore seem as genuinely native to the story, as thoroughly entitled to their existence, as Britomart herself.

So, then, the poem moves, one of the truest Human Comedies, and certainly one of the most beautiful. Still beginning, never ending, character is added to character, incident to incident, and our motley human life flows on past the windows of Kilcolman Castle, where sits the poet, glorying in the noble, looking evil in the face, but keeping his hands off. Here, if ever, is art concealing art. Every stanza, every canto, every episode seems to grow to its perfection as inevitably and inconspicuously as if the sun and rain of heaven fostered it. Under the spell of Spenser's method one may be tempted even to blaspheme against the gods of Olympus. Even Chaucer's art may look puerile, as he breaks his bundle of sticks one by one, dropping one character, finishing one story before he undertakes the next. And beside the tidal flow of Spenser even the great dramatist's methods, with their gross catastrophes, spot lights, overhaste, and bluster, may sometimes seem like tinsel against moonlight.

Why read Spenser? Indeed reasons are as plentiful as blackberries. Because to his uncanny skill in narrative he adds a power of description quite unsurpassed in English poetry. The paths of Fairyland are the main-travelled roads of Elizabethan Ireland; they are the perennial thoroughfares of human nature. Here is an Irish cottage, seen at nightfall. Has Synge anywhere done it better?

So long she travel'd, till at length she came
To an hill's side, which did to her bewray
A little valley subject to the same,
All cover'd with thick woods that quite it overcame.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapor thin and light,
Reeking aloft, uprolled to the sky:
Which cheerful sign did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoons her steps she thereunto applied,
And came at last, in weary wretched plight,
Unto the place to which her hope did guide,
To find some refuge there and rest her weary side.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of sticks and reeds
In homely wise, and wall'd with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell in loathly weeds
And wilful want, all careless of her needs.

Here is the Irish deserted village, as vivid as even Goldsmith could paint it:

Ne wight he found to whom he might complain,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire.
That more increas'd the anguish of his pain.
He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
He sought the plains, but could no tidings hear:
The woods did naught but echoes vain rebound,
The plains all waste and empty did appear.
Where wont the shepherds oft their pipes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

Here are the scavenger hounds by the Irish roadside:

Like a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Do fall together, striving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedy prey,
All on confused heaps themselves assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and tear;
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be afraid to hear.

And particularly there are everywhere the little things of nature, the gnats and flies and little birds, toward which Spenser's eye was always especially keen and his sympathy warm. It was no vague and vacuous fairyland that produced such pictures on almost every page.

Why read Spenser? Because, so long as this world remains a scene of strife; so long as high ideals must combat with low, and the Christian Knights continue to level spear against the Paynim host, against the wiles of Busirane and the entrenched might of Grantorto, the "Fairy Queen" will remain a chief guide, incentive, and consoler. It is no lotus land that Spenser creates. No other poet has painted with more terrible truth the images of Despair, Slander, Care, Envy, and Detraction, the Blatant Beast of Scandal and the brazen dragon of Sin. These are academic abstractions to nobody who has ever come to grips with life. If the monsters seem to us less near or menacing, let us give thanks and be trebly watchful. But it will be a long age before the adventurer on our earth will cease to meet them, and a yet longer perhaps before he finds elsewhere armor more adequate and enduring than that which Spenser offers. Here are some of his weapons:

Generosity

O goodly golden chain, wherewith yfere
The virtues linked are in lovely wise,
And noble minds of yore allied were
In brave pursuit of chivalrous emprize,
That none did others' safety despise,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands!

Simple Truth

But antique age, yet in the infancy
Of time, did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blameless chastity. . . .

The Power of Justice

It often falls, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice or power or guile or strife . . .
But Justice, though her doom she do prolong,
Yet at the last she will her own cause right.

The greatest of the true Elizabethans, friend of Sidney, Leicester, Raleigh, Essex; scholar, courtier, politician, colonist; most Puritan of poets, most poetical of Puritans: when we cease to read Spenser, may the Lord have mercy on our souls!

Tucker Brooke is professor of Elizabethan literature at Yale.

Triumph of Persepolis

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"Dr. Breasted said, 'there has never been any discovery like it anywhere in Western Asia since archæological excavation began there almost a century ago.'"
—New York Times.

"IS it not rare to be a king, Techelles—!"
—And dig in triumph to Persepolis?
Peer into excavations on your bellies
And marvel at the length of time it is
Since Xerxes had the Hellespont to flog
And proud Darius won kingship through his steed
And Alexander, drunk on love and grog,
Thrust fire among the rooftrees of the Mede!

Is it not rare to be an archæologist,
Digging black lime beneath the burning sun,
Confounding the historical apologist
With resurrection of a Babylon!
For now again the moon on Zagros mountain
Fills ample terraces with light, to flow
On colonnade and plinth and stair and fountain
Of centuries on centuries ago.
Rigid the horsemen and the charioteers,
The slaves and palace guards with sword at knee,
Conquerors of the unconquerable years,
Loom from the stone like scarlet tapestry;
And where at zenith fell that Asian art
Once more it lifts to light, its time being full,
Unflawed, unblemished, in varied counterpart
Of life beneath the lion and the bull.
Thus, soon enough, the splendors that we cherish
Dark earth will seal. . . . But, after æons of time,
Will something of an art that did not perish
Speak to the future from the prisoning lime?
Will some great semblance then, when earth is falling
From spectral ruins in a dark abyss,
Clamor with comparable awe, recalling
This final triumph of Persepolis?

The French Dos Passos

(*Continued from first page*)

is fascinated by all types, by all problems. He seeks to follow the fortunes of specific individuals (the old-style novel is preserved within the larger contours of the new in "Men of Good Will"), and yet he strives to gain the illusion of collective, swarming life. "Quinette's Crime"—the second novel included in this volume—is a psychological thriller which Dostoevski would not have been ashamed to sign had he been a Frenchman with a Frenchman's temperament, and it is also much more. For Quinette, the bookbinder and inventor who is led, by his need for escaping a psychological impasse, into action—*any* action—is not only an intellectual with a specific problem; he is also an item of flesh in a Paris of many colors, a Paris constricted and formed to a certain growth by its ring of fortifications; and Paris itself, Romains does not forget, is a capital on a continent running headlong into war. The year is 1908, and there is trouble in the Balkans.

The story of Quinette, virtually complete in these two volumes, bulks largest. But numerous other stories get under way. A girl who cannot stand her husband sneaks off to the bookbinder's with a volume of Verlaine; Wazemmes, the apprentice, quits his painting job to become a fledgling real estate dealer; two professors discuss various theories of history, their eyes on the Young Turks, the Balkans, and the Austro-Hungarian empire; a deputy considers attacking the oil trust, and talks it over with his mistress, an actress; and a youngster rolls his hoop. The stories of these individuals will, eventually, be unfolded, provided Romains keeps to the promise of his foreword. Meanwhile, they serve to keep Quinette in his place in the cosmos. The final meaning of the whole work is, so far, veiled.

Like Proust, Romains has a metaphysician's mind. But where Proust was concerned particularly with the nature of reality, with problems of ontology, Romains is more willing to take the world for granted. With Proust, the search for the nature of reality led to a vast consideration of memory. Which is the real person, the Charlus of one page, or the Charlus of five hundred pages on? Romains is less agonized, less feverish. He takes his people as given; a radical empiricist, after the fashion of William James, he says "Each Charlus is the real Charlus." So, in calmer mood, he can devote his energies to *displaying* his world. The mind of this particular metaphysician turns from ontology to relationship. One of the consequences is that "Men of Good Will" is much easier reading than "Remembrance of Things Past." A prominent editor of a New York publishing house has predicted that "Men of Good Will" will lose money for Alfred Knopf; the American reading public will be fools if they permit this prediction to come true.

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Kind to Dumb Animals

UNDER THE FIFTH RIB. By C. E. M. JOAD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

PROFESSOR JOAD is a tolerably clever Englishman who has written a number of books of varying importance and who now comes before us with an autobiography which is the subject of this skit. The work in question is called "Under the Fifth Rib" because it was there that Joab (you catch the paronomasia, play "po" words?) smote Abner after taking him aside to talk with him quietly in the gate. But the author should have remembered that when David heard of the crime, he exclaimed: "Let it rest on the head of Joab and all his father's house; and let there not fail from the house of Joab one that hath an issue, or that is a leper, or that leaneth on the staff, or that falleth on the sword, or that lacketh bread." Which after too long wallowing through Professor Joad's galvanized prose, rich with the triple repetition of the same wisecracks, expresses my sentiments with mathematical precision.

His book is the essentially honest history of a mind of the second order, from 1910, when he "went up," till this year 1933 when everything is going down. We ought to be grateful that his mind is of the second order, for it might easily have been of the third, and nothing could have prevented him, given his flair for exhibitionism, from writing this book. He begins it with a justifiably indignant attack on the elementary education which he suffered in those high and far off times. Believe it or not, as late as 1910 he had never heard of Copernicus, Berkeley, Kant, or Darwin, although he had been head boy of the Classical Sixth Form in an English public school where he won a scholarship for Balliol. Things were better at Oxford. He strikes pleasantly enough in this connection the usual but nontheless graceful and grateful note, a circumstance which indicates that there may be something in Oxford in spite of appearances. He passes rapidly on to a description of movements that have interested him and held in varying degree his loyalty, namely feminism, internationalism, socialism, pacifism. He then proceeds to work out a by no means unjustifiable criticism of the times, supporting it with a mass of evidence which does not always justify. And finally he winds the book up with the comfortable statement that with all his limitations, he is kind to dumb animals in the best tradition of the British Canine Protection Association, and is on the whole a pretty good fellow.

And so he may be. That his mind is sharp and that he is skilful at the legerdemain of dialectics it would be silly to deny. That he can get off his own or somebody else's epigram with the precise academic click of an intellectual machine, all of whose standardized parts are in good working order, is also true. But the fact remains that when you put the book down, you know that you have seen all this before and, unhappily, you know where. It does not matter that his serious works, which I have not read and am not going to, may possess better qualities. In three of his books which I have read he gives himself away as just another practitioner in that school of thought which may best be described as transcendental sciolism. It is the school which gets its politics from Shaw and its science from Wells. It is the school, which, too giddy to perceive that the universe is complex, leaps forward with an explanation seductive in its simplicity and distinguished for its failure to explain. It is the school that does not bother to approach such truth as better men have arduously groped for, but which nevertheless speaks loud and clear where Einstein is silent and the Duc de Broglie is dumb. It is the school which, quoting Samuel Butler, scornfully points out to you where Weissmann went wrong and Darwin blundered. It is the school which believes that dramatized personality and vivid expression may properly take the place of knowledge or competence. And finally it is the school of those who have discovered how to live in what they call the great world of ideas on nothing a year.

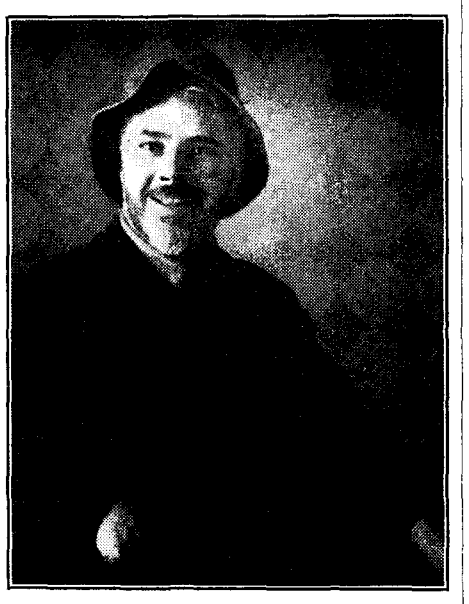
Doubtless the canvassing of new notions, and even the explanation of them, is a proper function for the philosopher. But he must know what he is talking about. He has no business to dazzle the groundlings with glib cracks at relativity, or gestalt psychologie, or the quantum theory, unless he has a working knowledge of them. And this reviewer at least is distinctly under the impression that Professor Joad does not regard a lack of relevant information on any subject as a reason for maintaining silence.

There are few subjects on which he has maintained it. But it is only fair to say that the lack of revelant information is not always complete. There are, of course, things he does know about. And on such topics he is interesting and frequently penetrating. His discourse on pacifism is clear, vigorous, and convincing. And it is proper to add that he does not indecently and publicly lick the wounds that must have been his in 1914. Furthermore the fifth chapter of the book, which is called "The Cult of Unreason," is well worth reading. He connects, perhaps a little too symmetrically, all the troubles of these troubled times with the abandonment of the nineteenth century doctrine of free reason. This abandonment he believes to have been the result of the ideas implicit in the views of Freud, Marx, Macdougal, and Watson to whom he pays his compliments jointly and severally. The Freudian notion that reason is merely the method of proving what we wish to have proved, the Marxian thesis that it is merely the way we are compelled to think by our economic environment, and the similar behavioristic theory that it is merely a conditioned reflex, are all offensive to Professor Joad, as all *nichts als philosophie*, which in its very nature is depreciatory, must be to persons who stop for an instant to reflect. He makes entertaining ducks and diverting drakes out of the hypotheses of several men of straw—though it might be amusing to hear the rebuttals even from the behaviorists. But he surely ought to be permitted to depart from this quarter of the field with the honors of war, if only for making the subacid observation that mechanistic philosophy is at present bankrupt except in psychology. At this point the "unrepentant rationalist" proved unexpectedly refreshing.

Unfortunately he will not, or rather cannot, fly always at this pitch. Through much of the book the reader must explore, and if possible forgive, the anfractuosities of a harsh man who is spiritually obtuse and proud of it. Most men who write works of this kind engage you in their artless and uncalculated enthusiasms. But Professor Joad manages to talk of his major passions, say music, in such a manner that you heartily wish the God had forborne to string the tortoise shell. He makes you yearn for a Socrates to deflate his professorial archness and cockney philistinism. He makes you yearn for a Jowett to give him till five o'clock to recover his humility, the Jowett of a Balliol where they did not "enthuse," or talk about "male humans," or "kid," or "crab," where the aitch temporal or spiritual was seldom dropped, and where, if an idol had feet of clay, the rest was not babbitt-metal.

The thunders of Mr. Mencken die away in these States. But Professor Joad has arisen in England.

> Over buttered scones and crumpets
> Weeping, weeping multitudes
> Droop in a hundred A. B. C.s.



C. E. M. JOAD
Courtesy of Jean Howard

Adventurous Philosophy

ADVENTURES IN IDEAS. By ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by F. S. C. NORTHROP

FROM Plato's "Republic" comes the doctrine that the statesman must be a philosopher, and that the philosopher must be a cosmologist. Professor Whitehead believes in the present relevance of such an analysis. Consider the structure of his book. It falls into four main parts: the first, historical and analytical; the second, "cosmological"; the third, "philosophical"; and the fourth, ethical.

The historical portion represents his most popular writing. Yet there is no loss in import. Never have the riches of his experience and the varied range of his activities converged to better advantage. The significance of ideas in history—Platonism, Christianity, Egyptian technology, Roman law, Greek philosophy, medieval theology, modern science, Malthus, Darwin, industry, commerce: all receive profound and penetrating treatment.

We were speaking of it in connection with Plato's "Republic." The similarity is explicit. Thrasymachus and Socrates appear as "force" and "persuasion." Consider Professor Whitehead's words:

> The creation of the world—said Plato—is the victory of persuasion over force. The worth of men consists in their liability to persuasion. . . . The recourse to force, however unavoidable, is a disclosure of the failure of civilization, either in the general society or in the remnant of individuals.

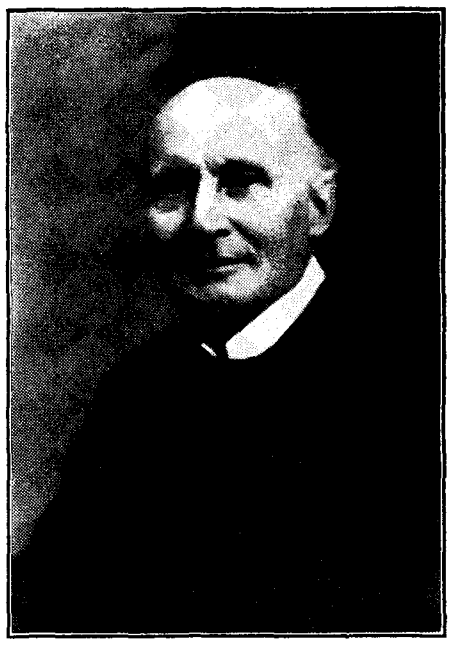
Plato proceeded from a similar conclusion to politics. Professor Whitehead passes to a chapter entitled "Foresight." The chapter concludes as follows:

> I have said enough to show that the modern commercial mentality requires many elements of discipline, scientific and sociological. But the great fact remains that details of relevant knowledge cannot be foreseen. Thus even for mere success, and apart from any question of intrinsic quality of life, an unspecialized aptitude for eliciting generalizations from particulars and for seeing the divergent illustration of generalities in diverse circumstances is required. Such a reflective power is essentially a philosophic habit: it is the survey of society from the standpoint of generality. This habit of general thought, undaunted by novelty, is the gift of philosophy. . . . The Greek philosopher who laid the foundation of all our finer thoughts ended his most marvellous dialogue with the reflection that the ideal state could never arrive till philosophers are kings. Today, in an age of democracy, the kings are the plain citizens pursuing their various avocations. . . . There can be no successful democratic society till general education conveys a philosophic outlook. . . .

Having completed his "Republic," Professor Whitehead turns to his "Timæus." This cosmological phase of his thought is known from his earlier books. It is developed further here. There are also sections on the nature of scientific law, and on the role of imagination and speculative thought in healthy scientific procedure. A chapter, entitled "The New Reformation," faces the present dilemma of Protestantism.

The third, "philosophical," part is of great importance. It attempts to carry through the reconstruction of modern philosophy necessary to reconcile it with contemporary science and the cosmological theory of the earlier sections. Professor Whitehead sees that this involves two tasks. First, an account of experience must be given which reckons with Hume, while making science and metaphysical philosophy possible; this but develops a theme of earlier books. Second, one must save the elements of truth in the dualism of Descartes while keeping mind in nature. This second task receives the complete absorption of his attention in the chapter entitled "Objects and Subjects."

No adequate review can pass over this chapter lightly. It provides the platform upon which all future relevant epistemological and psychological philosophy must be discussed. The point of the matter centres in the physics of Galileo and Newton. This physics left one with a conception of nature which was obviously inadequate for the inclusion of mind. This, plus the Aristotelian logic, implicit in ordinary language, with its tendency to express everything in terms of substances and attributes, threw mind out of nature, and gave rise to Descartes's dualistic metaphysical doctrine of material and mental substances. The history of modern philosophy is the story of the hopeless attempt to explain, on this basis, how mind can know nature.



ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

Today the physics of Galileo and Newton has broken down. The scientific cosmology which forced mind out of nature is inadequate even for the purposes of natural science. Physics no longer *requires* us to conceive of nature as excluding mind. Thus Descartes's problem, together with the entire philosophical terminology built around it, loses its relevance, as does the traditional exclusive absorption of modern philosophers with the problem of knowledge. Certainly, there is no point in trying to explain how mind out of nature can know nature, if the physics which threw it out is false. Let us not miss the tremendous import of this. It means that the modern world, which began in science with Galileo, and in philosophy with Descartes, has come to its end. Physics is moving into a new universe; philosophy is opening a new chapter in its history.

Its task is no longer that of explaining how knowledge is possible for a mind thrown out of nature by a physics which scientist and philosopher alike accepted, but that of finding a new natural philosophy for the new universe which science is revealing to us. When the new cosmology has been determined, it may well be the case that the problem of knowledge may solve itself automatically.

It is the great merit of Professor Whitehead to have been the first to have sensed all this, and to have acted accordingly. It is for this reason that he finds so much more of present relevance in the cosmological views of Plato, than he does in the epistemological views of Kant. It is for the same reason also that his chapter, "Objects and Subjects," is epoch-making.

One cannot deny that its terminology is strange and at times vague, though not as much so as a first reading would suggest. But this is inevitable for any philosophy which is true to the evidence. Our valid terms cannot be more precise than our knowledge. The point is that philosophy is face to face with something new. It must forego precision for the gain of novelty; the precision will come later when novelty finds its own forms of expression and becomes common knowledge.

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Evelina, New Model

JULIA NEWBERRY'S DIARY. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

SINCE next to nobody reads Fanny Burney today, it means little to say that Julia Newberry brings her to mind. Yet to possess anything of Fanny Burney's quality is to have an imperative claim to attention. And "Julia Newberry's Diary" in its freshness, its artless yet revealing comment, and sudden flashes of insight has a kinship to that eighteenth century journal which blossomed into the delicious "Evelina." Dr. Johnson's "little character-monger," of course, was brushed with genius; she had an eye for the absurd in human behavior, an ability to strip conduct of its fripperies, and a deftness in portraying traits and "humours" which even today when young ladies making their entrance into the world are more proficient in drinking than in fainting leaves her best writing instinct with life. Julia Newberry is no Fanny Burney, but she, too, is a gifted young girl looking on society with relish and humor, and commenting on it with candor and penetration. And the diary which preserves her impressions is a delightful record, brimming over with girlish excitement, naively malicious, charmingly outspoken.

JULIA NEWBERRY

Julia Newberry was the daughter of a Chicago family of wealth and social standing who followed the usual course of their group, living palatially and hospitably at home, travelling constantly abroad, spending time in New York, Newport, Florida, wherever the fashionable were wont to congregate, and meeting everybody who was anybody in society. She was fifteen when her diary opens, a zealous young patriot to whom Chicago was the dearest place on earth, "worth all London, Paris and New York put together," and seventeen at its final entry, a sentimental lament for the home which had vanished in the great fire of 1871.

A wide-eyed, serious girl, according to her picture, Julia was little of a scholar and less of a speller. She loved "Jane Eyre" "and all that Charlotte Brontë ever wrote," and "all Byron's decent poems," and "Haslitt's Essays," "Bacon's Essays," and "those plays of Shakespear that I can appreciate," but hated Disraeli — "contemptable,"—"If I were a great Statesman and had nothing better to do than to write such trash! I would give up"—, and "Guy Livingstone, and all that genre," and could never finish "The Newcomes," and thought Bulwer had a detestable style. She had an effective one of her own on occasions as when she wrote of an English fellow-traveller:

> A selfish, pleasure-seeking, over refined, blasé, man of thirty-nine, whose life is narrowed down to eating, drinking, washing, fishing, shooting and sleeping; a very highly pampered human animal; he has a place in Suabia where they catch 250 trout per day; a fishing hut in Norway, ten miles from any human inhabitation, where they never wind up their watches, and the sun shines at midnight,

or when she says of General Sheridan:

> He is distingué, but frightfully ugly. (Perhaps not frightfully but still anything but handsome.) He is very short (shorter than I.) *very* broad; and his eyes are only long narrow holes. His head is most extraordiniry [sic] shape. It is sunk between his shoulders and his mouth is covered with a long moustache. He has a nice foot, and good manners, an Irish accent, and when any-one makes a common-place remark or says something that does not interest him, he says, "um, um, yes, yes," in the most aggravating manner. He has a good deal of the "General" about him, though he is very modest, and well-bred; he is very complimentary to ladies, and evidently is a great admirer of female beauty.

A young lady who knew her own mind, Julia spoke it without hesitation. "Thursday evening last, I went to my first dinner party, and never in my life was I so bored. I had the illustrious Mr. Stuyvesant Fish who in spite of his having a Grand-Father is little less than an idiot." "Queen Isabella was staying at the Metropole . . . She looked at me attentively, and then made a very gracious bow, which I returned with equal dignity.—She is immensely stout, and has large features. It was a rainy afternoon, and the costume, was to say the least mal-apropos."

Julia's days were filled with the normal occupations of fortunate girlhood, parties and beaus, travel and visiting, the intimacies of a happy family life, small duties, concerts, theatres, reading. There is a delightful freshness to all her reactions, whether she is snubbing "snips" who presume to admire her sister or herself, or listening to music, or watching Seth Low and his brothers at a wedding, or making a list of guests at a summer resort with incidental comment or grades beneath the names, or philosophizing upon the manners of young ladyhood, or staving off an incipient love affair. She was sick much of the time, but her youth bubbled out despite ill health and suffering, and her vivacity never failed her. There is no mustiness of the past upon her jottings, but an eager exuberance that should endear the writer, dead long since and never more than on the threshold of experience, to the later day which is fortunate enough to have recovered her girlish memoirs.

Below the Caribbean

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA. By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED. Translated by H. H. HEMMING and DORIS HEMMING. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

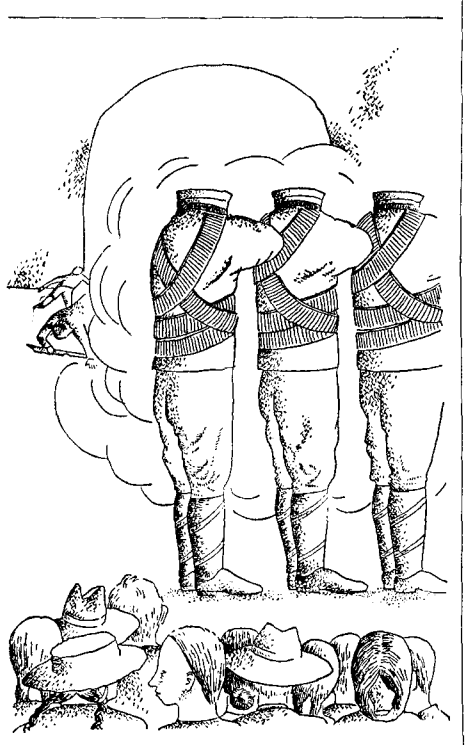
IN this little book André Siegfried, the well-known French economist and commentator upon Anglo-Saxon life, publishes a collection of letters written while on a trip through Latin America. After describing political and economic conditions as he found them in Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil, he makes some general observations on the continent as a whole. Although North and South America resemble each other geographically, they differ from the standpoint of race. Today North America is predominantly white, in contrast to South America which has three distinct racial areas. In Bolivia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Colombia, and even Chile, the basis of the population is Indian. Southeast of this region is a zone where the white race predominates and is growing—a zone which includes Argentina, Uruguay, and the states of Brazil from Sao Paulo south. North of Rio de Janeiro, passing through the Antilles and the east coast of the Caribbean sea, right up through the American south, is a black belt. Each of these three regions has problems of its own, and each may produce a separate type of civilization.

From the political standpoint, the Latin American countries are ruled by presidential dictatorships, unchecked by senates or by parliaments. Economically, they depend for their existence upon the export of raw materials. The balance of payments of these countries is constantly unstable owing to the "sheer weight of the money being poured out" to foreign bond and stock holders. Every one expends more than the earns. "The trouble with the South Americans is that they see everything too big. These people, so charming and optimistic, launch out as soon as they have any money without ever considering whether they will be able to carry on afterwards or not."

Although André Siegfried is technically an economist, his remarks upon Latin American culture are perhaps the most interesting in the book. He finds that after a whole century of independence, foreign influences are still powerful throughout South America. "The Spanish are still influencing her civilization, the French her culture, and the Anglo-Saxons her commerce and everyday life." All the capital that Americans invest will not stamp out the strength of Spanish civilization. The climate in South America is "surreptitiously enervating," but it gives "back in grace what it takes in strength. . ." Far from being a country of Anglo-Saxon allegiance, "Latin America is well suited to a Catholicism that is ritualistic, poetic, passive, and penetrated with spiritual influence." The more these countries are re-Indianized the further they are carried away from Nordic ideals.

While South America has borrowed its character from Spain it has found its culture chiefly in France. "I know of no country where the cultured people are more thoroughly conversant with the French language down to its most intimate details, and appreciate better our literature and trend of thought, or interest themselves more spontaneously and seriously in our intellectual and artistic activities." Financially American influence may be irresistible; but the light of Americanism does not equal its power.

> One can use a Ford and drive it better than the Americans themselves; one can go to the pictures every night and contemplate the depth of vulgarity of the California films; or seek success in the latest method of mass production, but all this is on the surface. The Spanish tongue, the Catholic influence, and above all the family tradition of the Iberian Peninsula, are ramparts which the American invasion cannot scale.



PALACIO NACIONAL
From Siegfried's "Impressions of South America"

A little romantic perhaps and a little unkind to American culture, but on the whole more right than wrong. M. Siegfried has not attempted to write a documented treatise; moreover, in stressing the meaningless nature of Latin American politics, he has failed to pay adequate attention to the socialist movement now stirring Chile and other countries. Nevertheless, his book is full of interesting observations, and is a delight to read.

Raymond Leslie Buell is Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association.

The Atlantic Non-Fiction Prize of $5,000 for "the most interesting work of non-fiction" submitted in the contest sponsored by the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Company, has been awarded to Frances Winwar of New York City. The prize-winning manuscript, "Poor, Splendid Wings," with the sub-title, "The Rossettis and Their Circle," was selected from a field of over eight hundred contestants. It is a biographical narrative which tells the story of that most famous group of young revolutionary poets and artists of Victorian England—the Rossettis, Swinburne, Ruskin, Millais, and Holman Hunt.

Books in the News

LAST week the muttering ghost of Anthony Comstock must have picked up its chains and fled the circumambient air of this our earth. For when Magistrate Benjamin Greenspan cleared Erskine Caldwell's "God's Little Acre" (Viking, publishers) in Jefferson Market Court, the cause of freedom for literature won what should prove to be a final decision over John S. Sumner, heir to the Comstock cloth as Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. It was not the mere fact of the victory that was so encouraging, but, rather, the temper of Judge Greenspan's thinking. His decision, dismissing the complaint of Mr. Sumner that the Caldwell book is obscene, is a landmark, a milestone, a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect literary day.

So far as we know, Judge Greenspan is the first magistrate in a case of this sort to seek out expert opinion. Mr. Sumner, the magistrate observed, was setting himself up above the considered views of Mark Eisner, President of the Board of Higher Education of New York City, Lewis Gannett of *The New York Herald Tribune*, John Mason Brown, dramatic critic of *The New York Evening Post*, William Soskin, book critic of the same paper, Carl Van Doren of *The Literary Guild*, J. Donald Adams, literary editor of *The New York Times*, Henry S. Canby of our own *Saturday Review*, Elmer Rice, playwright, Herbert Bayard Swope, former editor of *The New York World*, and Horace M. Kallen, Honorary Vice-President of the American Jewish Congress. Moreover, the Caldwell book had been judged to have literary merit, plus sincerity, by reviewers in the *Times*, the *Tribune*, the *Post*, and the *London Times Literary Supplement*, to list only a few. Clearly, this weight of testimony more than balanced the whim of a Sumner.

"God's Little Acre" as a whole is clearly not a work of pornography, Judge Greenspan decided. "No work [he said] may be judged from a selection of . . . paragraphs. Printed by themselves, [certain paragraphs of the book] might, as a matter of law, come within the prohibition of the statute. So might a similar selection from Aristophanes or Chaucer or Boccaccio or even from the Bible." But in general the Caldwell novel "is not a book where vice and lewdness are treated as virtues. . . . 'God's Little Acre' has no tendency to inspire its readers to behave like its characters. . . . I believe the author has chosen to write about what he believes to be the truth about a certain group in American life. To my way of thinking, *Truth* should always be accepted as a justification for literature."

Regardless of whether Ty Ty Walden, Darling Jill, and the rest of Mr. Caldwell's menagerie, are true citizens of the State of Georgia, Judge Greenspan's decision clears the air. Novelists with a taste for sincere exploration may now work without fear, for a precedent has been established. If Judge Greenspan desires to do reviewing for *The Saturday Review of Literature*, let him apply at this office.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Pity 'Tis, 'Tis True

PITY IS NOT ENOUGH. By JOSEPHINE HERBST. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE period of this story runs, if we take into account the younger generation to whom it is told, from the Civil War to the War of 1914; but the chief part of its action takes place during the seventies. This was our first great era of speculation and corruption, the "Gilded Age" of Mark Twain, who told us of its great pirate kings; Miss Herbst is here telling us of a young man typical of the small fry, of the victims who were not innocent victims, of those who were dishonest enough to sell their souls but not clever enough to make a profit on it.

Her hero, Joe Trexler, is one of the cormorants with carpet-bags who dropped upon the South at the end of the Civil War, designing to make their fortunes. Joe was a poor boy, and he had heard that the South was the land of opportunity. By virtue of being a Yankee, he was taken up by a gang who were using the negro vote to exploit the community; he made money faster and faster, and in addition constantly received valuable favors from men to whom he had "done favors." He appears from the author's account rather to have drifted into rascality than to have adopted it with determination; but it is inconceivable that any man should not have realized that he was taking bribes and living dishonestly. In time the carpet-baggers' gang overreached themselves and ran the risk of punishment; the men at the top, who had the rogues' virtues of decision and forcefulness, escaped, and Joe, who did not, was made the scapegoat,—almost literally, for he did escape; but the rest of his life he was a semi-fugitive from justice, the criminal charges hanging over him. For the rest of his life, also, he continued to look for easy money, speculating or prospecting in the West, and losing his profits to the bigger operators behind the scenes until he dies insane.

The story is told largely in terms of its effect on his womenfolk, his mother, his sisters, and the Southern girl whose suitor he had been, and who suffer for him all through his life. Much of his story is presented to us as it reaches the women at home, in a tangle of counter-accusations, and this is enclosed in another frame, for the whole story of Joe Trexler is given to us as it gradually unfolded itself to the nephews and nieces who never saw him, from the scattered anecdotes told by their mother, his sister. The whole book is written in the homely idiom that would be employed by such women; and the result is a powerful picture of the seamy side of life in drab houses and dreary towns, in the latter half of the last century.

Of the book's authenticity there can be no question; but there may be some as to its significance. It is the sort of story that Sinclair Lewis might tell for the purpose of inviting our scorn for the mean aspirations and still meaner achievements of the characters; or that Theodore Dreiser might tell to ask our pity for those people who would like to be rich and meet with poverty, who would like to be good and meet with temptation. Miss Herbst's mood seems to be nearer to Mr. Dreiser's, for she has more pity for her ne'er-do-well hero than most people would be generous enough to feel; yet she explicitly says in her title that pity is not enough, but does not make it plain what besides pity she wishes to inspire. From the fact that Joe is much impressed by the trial of certain anarchists, it may be that she means that we ought to blame Joe's career upon our order of society; but it is difficult to conceive the sort of society that would have fitted him. A man who is honest and stupid can be made useful by proper direction; a man who is dishonest and intelligent would perhaps be of service in a state where there was no private profit; but the man such as Joe Trexler appears to be is both knave and fool.

Indeed, it may be timidly suggested that Joe did not get much more than he deserved after all. Although there is obvious injustice in the fact that he was punished for the corruption of the carpet-baggers while the bigger men escaped, the injustice lay in the fact that they did not suffer, not in the fact that he did. For the women in the story, it is true, pity is not enough, it will do them no good. And yet in this world God Himself could offer them no more. They love Joe, and Joe is worthless, and all that can be said is that the human tendency to fasten love upon worthless objects is, according to the point of view, the most hopeful and most pitiful thing about mankind.

Riotous Fecundity

SOLAL. By ALBERT COHEN. Translated from the French by WILFRID BENSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $2.40.

HERE is a book to set beside "Look Homeward, Angel." There is the same overwhelming, riotous fecundity, the same almost exhausting wealth of incident, the same extravagance of imagination, the same robust insistence, to a degree that is apt to be rather overpowering for less vigorous readers, upon sensory impressions of every kind and all the manifestations of vitality. The hearty, jovial Chaucer who wrote "But it was joye for to see him sweat" might have found his fancy here, for surely no book was ever so full of crowds, always coughing, sneezing, scratching, spitting, sweating. The author has, whether in the breadth of his admiration or in impish caprice, caught up half a dozen styles and stuck pieces of them into his book, with an effect that is bewilderingly kaleidoscopic.

Solal himself, Solal of the Solals, belongs to a little colony of Jews in the island of Cephalonia, French by extraction and citizenship, but as Oriental as any crowd in Bagdad. They have a childlike delight in pretending they are shrewd men of affairs; they almost believe themselves. Solal himself is born actually to achieve marvels. He has every quality of success except ruthlessness. He wins his way, by picaresque shifts, to high position in France; but he belongs to his people. He cannot cast them off; he cannot successfully introduce them, when they come in crowds, dressed in incongruous finery, to diplomatic functions in Paris; he might go back to them, giving up his career, but he has a Gentile wife whom he loves, and though she tries faithfully to become a Jewess and go with him, she cannot see beyond the grotesquerie of his people to their deep sweetness, which the author regards, and conveys, very tenderly. In this dilemma, Solal finds his only answer in that self-humiliation for which once one had to go to Dostoievsky.

The great criticism to be made of the book, though any American must make it with diffidence, is that the Cephalonian Jews, depicted with their amazing unworldliness, are scarcely credible even as inhabitants of this world, and still less so as Jews. For the Jews as we know them in this country always have some share of Disraeli's proud claim that when the honorable gentleman's ancestors were painting themselves blue, his own were sages and princes. But Mr. Cohen's Jews have all the qualities of the most primitive of peoples, or of children: their grossness and gullibility, their optimism, suggests rather what we should expect in unspoiled savages. Undoubtedly M. Cohen knows what he is writing about; undoubtedly also his is a capricious mind, and may distort what he presents. However that may be, this is an extraordinary book; it has its roots in the earth and its branches in the skies as very few books have.

Made to Be Trampled On

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? By HANS FALLADA. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1933. $2.25.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE Pinnebergs—young husband and wife, with a baby boy—found themselves in that indeterminate German zone between the lower middle-class and the out-and-out proletariat. They were without the family backing which a more definitely "bourgeois" couple can generally wangle in some degree from one direction or other, without the tough hides and frequently rather jolly sense of solidarity found on the level just below them — just "little people," made to be trampled on, with nothing to cling to but their love for each other and their child, their ingenuous faith that for citizens so decent, well-meaning, and willing to work as they were, things must somehow come out right.

Well, so they would have, probably, before the war, even in Germany; certainly in the United States of a generation or so ago, to which countless Pinnebergs came to make what seemed to them a fortune. Pinneberg himself was modest, mild, and occasionally rather improvident. (He couldn't resist, for instance, spending his whole month's wages on that dressing-table which had so fascinated Bunny when the two of them saw it in the window of a rather fashionable shop.) But he was industrious, loyal, willing to knuckle down to the bare-bones budget which the more executive Bunny worked out for them. Bunny herself was pure gold. She had picked up a certain cutting edge from the working-class family from which she had come, was always capable and efficient in her quiet way, had a certain instinct for better things,—just the sort of wife bound to help her husband get ahead with anything like the 'breaks."

But the breaks weren't there. The cards were stacked against them, although the cards, in the shape of a more or less ruined Europe, a disorganized social and economic system, and post-war illnesses of all sorts, were too big and vague for such little people to see. Not that they could have done anything about it, in any case.

So here, you may think, we have the stage all set for one of those gray, lugubrious novels in which the author makes everybody, including his readers, thoroughly miserable. You will be mistaken. For Hans Fallada happens not to be that sort of an author. He knows how much of life goes on—in war, in revolution, in such a succession of petty blows of fate as those which battered the little Pinnebergs. He makes them happy in spite of everything. You will be laughing at and with them and the folks they run across rather than weeping—if you are one of those whom fiction can move to tears. He admires and respects his little couple while aware of their objective absurdity. He believes in friendship, hasn't lost faith in that love, which, if it can't conquer the world, at least can't be crushed by it. He can be tender without being sentimental, humorous on the brink of disaster, can create what some might call an idyl of young love without prettyfying any of the surrounding or contributory facts. In short, Herr Fallada knows what he is talking about.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGES SCHREIBER FOR THE GERMAN EDITION OF "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW"

Here and there in this story of falling in love, having a baby, capturing little jobs, and being flung out of them, there are flashes of *echt deutsch* humor that recall the cartoons of the Berliner, Zille—a similar inimitable mixture of ingenuous coarseness and authenticity. You will want to meet Pinneberg's widowed mother, that extraordinary funny, flashy, at once kindly and quite unprincipled female whom he had good reasons for wanting to keep away from.

There's a satiric glimpse of nudism, various timely references to the Nazis, but of course the story of Pinneberg and Bunny and the baby is the main thing. Nobody else, so far as I know, has drawn such an unforgettable picture of the unemployed—not of mobs, breadlines, or any sort of collective violence, but the silent, unnoticed drama of little semi-white-collar men like the clerk Pinneberg, who go sinking down, down—"But such things *can't* go on!"—and when what just couldn't happen has happened, are still alive, going to sleep one day and waking another, still forgotten. . . .

"Little Man, What Now?" is the Book-of-the-Month-Club choice for June.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

MEN OF GOOD WILL. By JULES ROMAINS. *Knopf.*
A panoramic novel of Paris.

THE JOURNAL OF ARNOLD BENNETT. *Viking.*
The third volume of this journal revealing the novelist off guard.

LETTERS FROM HOLLAND. By KAREL CAPEK. *Putnam.*
Impressions of travel.

This Less Recent Book:

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By BERNARD FAY. *Little, Brown.*
A biography by a Frenchman based on exhaustive examination of records.

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The Bowling Green

Notes With a Yellow Pen

VI. DIGRESSIONS

MARCH 2ND, 7 A. M. As I shaved I saw brown grassy hills, and water. Fortunately, at good moments, forgotten lines come back to one and take their appointed place. "On the banks of the Sacramento" was the phrase, from some old chanty. "Is that Carquinez Straits?" I asked the porter, innocently giving it accent on the *Car*. "Yassuh, that's Carq*uin*ez" he righted me—the first of the innumerable corrected pronunciations that California involves. Did you ever hear how they pronounce Tuolumne?

I stood on the observation platform for a last look at the Overland Trail. We click-clicked smoothly past Berkeley and into Oakland. Everything was green, moist, mild—a soft grey air more English than anything I had breathed on this continent. Electric trains of what were evidently commuters ran parallel to us. Extraordinary: commuters to San Francisco! We ran into the old train-shed at Oakland. Just the right kind of glamorous dingy stabling, smelling of cinders and steam as a barn smells of horse. I'm glad it wasn't one of those new terminals marbled with a million debentures, where Traffic lies in trance like Sleeping Beauty. Our big black Overland stallion breathed hard as we hurried by with forward thoughts.—And there, waiting for the ferry, I saw that California had that morning declared a Bank Holiday.

While the yellow pen is crossing in the ferry from Oakland to San Francisco let's deal with a number of matters that have piled up in the Folder. At this moment I don't feel in the mood to attempt first impressions of that harbor on a cool grey morning. (Impressions that most matter, seep a long way in and can't always be recovered on call.) I realized why Uncle Walt keeps an overcoat in the hotel. Seagulls—smell of salt water—islands—city of R. L. S. and Frank Norris. A sense of hollowness in my financial stomach. Most important, a feeling of familiar names. To give names meaning, what an achievement. I didn't know which was which, but I felt them around me—*Yerba Buena, Sausalito, Tamalpais* and *Alcatraz*. Ballad me that, poet.

NAMES: think how the return of beer has brought back the good old Teuton syllables. Ballad of Braumeisters: *Ruppert* and *Trommer* and *Doelger* (rhyme with soldier?), *Schaefer* and *Liebmann* and *Schlitz*.—*Rubsam & Horrmann*—*Fidelio*—*Pabst*—*Anheuser Busch* from St. Louis—*Stegmaier* from Wilkes-Barre—Falcon Beer from Amsterdam; Black Horse Ale from Montreal. "Not more than 4 per centum of alcohol by volume. Tax paid as prescribed."—Billy Britton and I arrived in San Francisco, after an all day drive from Los Angeles (over 450 miles) a few minutes before midnight on April 6th. The lobby of the St. Francis was crowded with people in festive mood: we had forgotten all about the return of Gambrinus. Sad to remember that we sat in our room and ate two goblets of ice cream while the Brew Began. We were tired.—GAMBRINUS, king of myth, A good old beery soldier, Associated with, The name of Peter Doelger.—Is Gambrinus's sculptured image still on the old Doelger brewery on East 56th Street, holding up a foaming glass? I wish some sentimentalist would take a photo of it. It's nice to be legal again—

Munich is dark,
Pilsen is light—
Thirty more speakeasies
Fold up tonight.

Natural association of ideas: *The Seaman's Handbook for Shore Leave* (Merchant Marine Library Association, 67 Wall Street, 50c.) Many thanks to Bob Rimington for introducing me to this admirable little book which gives the information most needed by merchant mariners in all seaports of the world. It lists reputable hotels and lodgings, addresses of doctors, dentists, laundries, lawyers, places of amusement and historic interest. It's also an item for collectors as it contains a fine introduction by William McFee. Some of the entries, for small or remote ports, are amusing. For instance, Apia (Samoa) of which we learn:—

Population—2,000.
Seamen's Homes—None.
Seamen's Banks—None.
Seamen's Agencies—None.
Legal Aid—None.
Venereal Disease Clinics—None.
Laundries—Ah Cheese.
Amusements—Moving pictures twice a week.
Points of Interest—Vailima, the Robert Louis Stevenson home and grave.

I like the name of that laundryman—Ah Cheese! This is one of the most concise and sensible guide-books ever seen. In a work of so much detail a few errors are bound to creep in. How did they get the notion that Stevenson wrote *Treasure Island* at Ensenada in Mexico?

SEAMANSHIP: I've always intended to study a copy of Findlay's *Directory of the North Atlantic*. I've never seen it, but (like Dr. Osler's *Principles and Practice of Medicine*) it's the kind of book I feel an inquisitive man should own. Why are book collectors so narrow in their curiosities? I should think a First Edition of Findlay (published about 1810—16th edition 1918) would be a noble treasure. I believe Findlay's publishers are the fine old nautical firm of Imray, Laurie, Norie & Wilson, 156 The Minories, London. We don't hear nearly enough of the various technical and specialized publishers. They keep very quiet, send out few publicity blats, and go on printing books that change the world. Have Imray, Laurie, Norie & Wilson ever printed anything about their history and adventures?—Have they noticed the tributes paid to Findlay by Felix Riesenberg in his *Log of the Sea* (Harcourt, $3), an encyclopædia of joy for any man with a grain of salt in him. "A basic document secondary only to the sea itself," Riesenberg says of Findlay. "I conned him with the care of a lover checking over the charms of a dear thing shortly after the engagement."

RAILROADS: While I've been writing about the Overland Limited, another very famous train has been visiting here. I saw a crowd gathered at the gate of Track 24 in the Grand Central Station. Right next to it, Track 25 said (as usual) 3.30 P. M. NEW HAVEN LOCAL. Then, with a queer bump of travelers' twinge, I saw that the board over Track 24 said THE ROYAL SCOT, LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW. That was one of the best startles of a lifetime: I've travelled in that train and I didn't even know she was here. The next day I encountered her again at Penn Station, and was amazed at the crowds visiting her. They were lined up in double file all across the great concourse. Many rugged and individual Scots, homesick perhaps for a British-looking train; and also a remarkable number of colored folks. I concluded that all the Pullman porters and their families were inspecting the Royal Scot's fine arrangements in professional curiosity. A soldier band from Governor's Island was playing martial rumpity-oom-ta-ta, one of those dangerous tunes that make you want to declare war on someone—anyone. I remembered Stephen Crane's fine piece of reporting, *The Scotch Express*.

SHAKESPEARE: Dear old Professor George Herbert Palmer, who died recently at the age of 91, told me once that in his student days he and a friend agreed to memorize one of Shakespeare's sonnets every morning while bathing and shaving and repeat them to each other at breakfast.—I had a queer thought the other day, that the two subjects most worth thinking about, for me, are Shakespeare and New York City.—In a tapestry map of Warwickshire, 16th century, which Sir Edmund Chambers reproduces as frontispiece in his great work *William Shakespeare* (Oxford Press, 2 vols., $15) Stratford-on-Avon is marked as *Stretford*. That is still the local pronunciation and is probably how Shakespeare said it. One of Sir Edmund's most interesting chapters deals with Elizabethan printing-house procedure. His passage (Vol. I, 176-177) on Printers' Errors should be put on a card and hung up in every editorial and composing room. Misprints, he reminds us, are both mechanical and psychological. Psychological misprints may be due to failures of vision, of attention, of memory, of automatism, or of judgment. Want of attention is the most important, and is usually due to one or other of the following:—

Stupidity
Carelessness
Self-confidence
Haste
Fatigue
Drink
Talkativeness
Absorption in alien ideas

Berry Barcuse, of Baltimore, is a lover of T. L. Beddoes. Questing in the luxurious new building of the Enoch Pratt Library he found Beddoes' Letters edited by Edmund Gosse, 1894. It was received by the Enoch Pratt on June 4, 1894, and B. B. has had so much pleasure from the book that he suggests June 4th as a date for Beddoesians to celebrate. He quotes from the letters a description of Italian fireflies:—

> Their bright light is evanescent, and alternates with the darkness, as if the swift wheeling of the earth struck fire out of the black atmosphere; as if the winds were being set upon this planetary grindstone, and gave out such momentary sparks from their edges. Their silence is more striking than their flashes, for sudden phenomena are almost invariably attended with some noise, but these little jewels dart along the dark as softly as butterflies. For their light, it is not nearly so beautiful and poetical as our still companion of the dew—the [English] glowworm with his drop of moonlight. . . .

B. B. adds:—

> We are very proud here in Baltimore of so beautiful a building as the new Pratt Library. But gone forever, except from our doting memories, is the musty discomfort of the Hopkins Place quarters—the crowds of little old men and women, the noisy students from a dozen different schools, the brown people with flashing eyes and teeth, the charmingly important young librarians, the need for traffic regulations among the plank shelves on the first floor; when one enters the new building, he finds the ceilings have risen to a lofty sweep, the boards beneath his feet have been changed into marble and linoleum, signs glow darkly, and one, perforce, sinks into the same restful quiet and tiptoes from shelf to shelf in silent ecstasy.

Quite unintentionally several allusions to Oxford have been creeping into these notes. One of the things in my mind during the Overland trip was the extraordinarily interesting (and hopeful) fact that the Oxford Union, that deservedly famous undergraduate debating society, had voted on February 9, by 275 to 153, in favor of the motion *That this House will in no circumstances fight for its King and Country*. But being at sea during the first week of March far more interesting news escaped me until I had a chance to read the April issue of *The American Oxonian*—a quarterly published by the Association of American Rhodes Scholars. Those who wish to look the matter up will find it discussed at some length in that excellent magazine (A. C. Valentine, editor, Pierson College, Yale University).

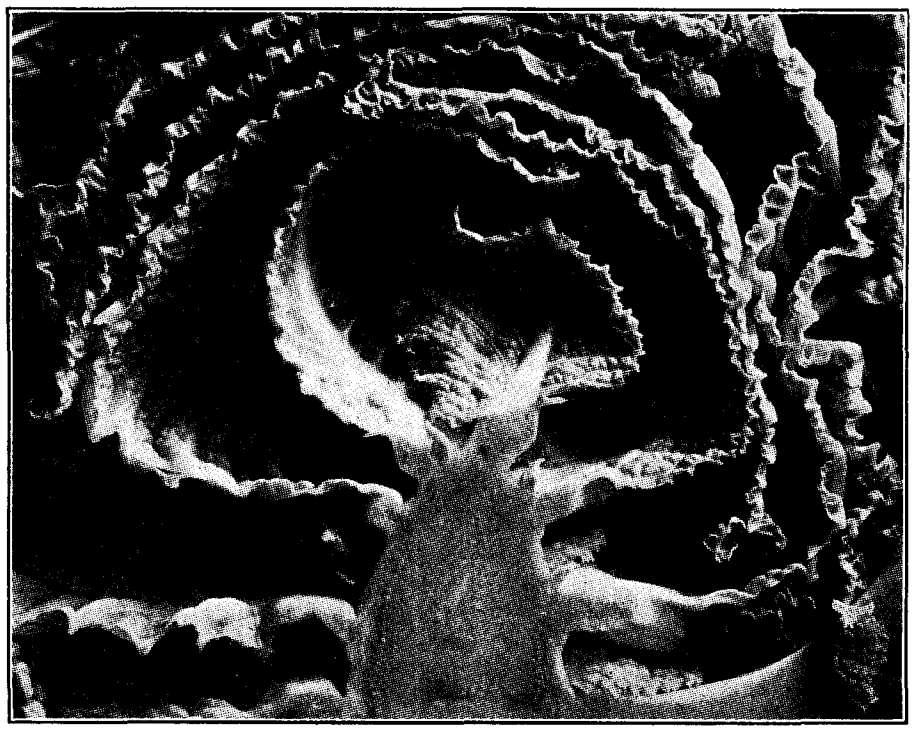
The more important fact is that many life-members—or, as we would say, alumni—of the Union Society were so indignant at the results of the debate that they applied for permission to move a resolution expunging from the minutes the motion of February 9. (As a matter of fact the minutes of the February 9 debate had already been thoroughly "expunged" by a group of hotheads who had forcibly torn them out of the book at a succeeding meeting.) But the Society granted two distinguished graduates, Lord Stanley and Mr. Randolph Churchill, opportunity (on March 2) to move and second a resolution to expunge the record.

The distinguished alumni who supported the motion seem to have fared badly. "Lord Stanley's speech was curiously maladroit," says the *Oxford Magazine*, "and gave many openings for the derisive humor of one of the world's most difficult audiences." And of Mr. Randolph Churchill we read:—

> Like Lord Stanley, he showed pluck and persistence, but like him also he was unfortunate in his manner and phrasing. Innocent appeals to "all loyal Oxford men" were greeted with delighted jeers. Further difficulties were added when a very horrible smell spread through the hall, whether released in contempt of Mr. Churchill, or in contempt of the Society, or from sheer *joie de vivre* is not known. However, he persisted manfully in his plea, which was concerned with the unfortunate effects of the motion throughout the world; he referred to the extraordinary prominence it had received in the foreign press, to how foreigners would believe that it represented a real condition of pacifism in Oxford. His words fell for the most part on deaf ears. A body usually prone to flattery derided the suggestion that after the House of Lords and the House of Commons the Union Society's views commanded most interest in the country. Mr. Churchill then implored the House not to vote through resentment against himself and his colleagues, but at all costs to clear the name of Oxford.

The motion to expunge was lost by 138 votes to 750. It is interesting to know that the Younger Generation is not easily stampeded by the catchwords of patriotism.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



CALIFORNIA KALE (HALVED)—Reproduced from "Edward Weston" (Weyhe)

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Points of View

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

Marlowe's Mighty Line

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: You ask, "Where are the poets who have been galvanized into excellence by poverty?" Well, classing the *Review* with the other leading periodicals, it seems accurate to say that the genuine poets are buried under your rejection slips, and the pseudo-poets are in your columns — so far as you condescend at all to a meager recognition of poets. The amount of critical attention you devote to poetry is remarkable when contrasted with the few and tiny portions of verse you print. Just as remarkable is the quality you favor. Your reviews indicate a deep interest in the real thing, while the specimens you print are all of the popular type of petty and gritty modernism.

JOHN MARLOWE.

Madison, Wis.

Plain Living

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Your reviewer of Rose Wilder Lane's "Let the Huricane Roar" claims that, though many readers will call the book "pleasing" and "delightful," it is not "impressive." Also, that "we have been taught to look for more graphic and incisive studies of Western life, more feeling and individuality than Mrs. Lane gets into her book." Also that it suffers in comparison with the works of Willa Cather and Hamlin Garland, and that it "somehow creates neither a definite locality nor individual characters." These conclusions seem unfair to another reader who finds the book, after two absorbed sessions, a great deal more than "a pleasing story." Many pioneer books give me, lifelong city dweller, the same feeling I remember when lecturers on child training would reproachfully bellow at their New York audiences because city mothers didn't move to the country to bring up children. We all squirmed, but most of us were helpless. Just so, there seems in many pioneer books an undercurrent of reproach to us pampered pups of the twentieth century. Our ancestors, they imply, didn't have electric beds and steamheated educations. Not so Mrs. Lane. She puts over her message of plain living in so compressed and telling a form, that I cannot understand how the most jaded or critical of reviewers would call the result anything but impressive.

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH.

New York City.

Tackling and Rigging

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: The reviewer of Emilie and George Romieu's "Life of George Eliot" quotes from the translation a passage in which the word "tackling" occurs, and then remarks: "Probably there is no such noun as 'tackling,' or if there is it doesn't mean rigging." It would seem that in 1611, at least, there was such a noun and that it then meant rigging. "Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the sail" (Isaiah xxxiii, 23). "And the third day we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship" (Acts xxvii, 19). Perhaps the reviewer meant to lay the emphasis on "is," as distinguished from "was." "Tackling" as a noun meaning "rigging" is found both in the "Century Dictionary" and in "Webster's International," but it must be admitted that the latter characterizes its use in this sense as "*Obs. or R.*"

HAROLD S. DAVIS.

Boston, Mass.

They've Just Begun to Fight

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: The world is none the richer for the paltry polemics of Lewis Mumford and Bernard De Voto. Mr. De Voto seasoned his "Mark Twain's America" with pokes at the theorizing of Van Wyck Brooks. His book bids for greatness by ridiculing the "Ordeal of Mark Twain." Mr. Mumford comes along to chalk one up for the Brooks faction (inadvertently buttressing himself), declaring that were Mr. De Voto's marksmanship no more accurate than his reasoning, he would long ago have committed suicide.

Given intellectual problems of the first magnitude, with boundless room for originality, these men have preferred to vivisect what has already been discovered, to rear upon a modest book a superstructure of stodgy criticism. And they transform their disbelief in one another's ideas into mutual enmity! Such a procedure begins and ends where it started from. It aims at where it is. If these men are capable of dispassionate judgment and original thinking, I counsel them to abandon their back-biting pedantry for the labor of true scholarship.

RICHARD E. VOLAND.

Cambridge, Mass.

Genuine Utterance

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I was glad to see in your May 6 number that one writer has the courage to disapprove "The Fountain." I was more persistent than G. J. W., for I continued to the end of the book. I regard it as a loathsome work. It disappoints every high hope aroused by the first fifty pages. I could not help but suspect that some reviewers who rated it so highly did not actually read through it.

In awarding the Pulitzer prize to Stribling's "The Store," the judges honored a very strong novel—one which, in my opinion, deserves far higher praise than most of the reviewers gave to it. But with Christopher Morley I was hoping the award would go to Le Roy MacLeod's "The Years of Peace." This is one of the most genuine utterances of rural America ever presented. It deals with the valley of the Wabash in Indiana in a period soon after the Civil War, but it rings true for Maryland where I grew up a decade later. It speaks for the great border area from east to west and in large degree for the country in general.

CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN.

Ludington, Mich.

Art and Belief

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: If you will allow me to be blunt, I will say that a number of recent articles, including some editorials, in your journal on the general subject of the predicament of the artist—novelist, dramatist, poet—in our chaotic and revolutionary age, an age admittedly without religious faith, have seemed to me question-begging. Literary critics should know literary history much, much better than is indicated in those gloomy essays.

Without moral standards and guiding principles, we are told by many, without a profound *weltanschaung*, without sincere and courageous acceptance of—say—the class struggle, or the communist philosophy, the artist merely drifts, tries vain experiments, satisfies neither himself nor the intelligent element of his potential public. Now, it is demonstrable beyond a rational doubt that this is gratuitous nonsense.

An artist may do first-rate work in any field, whether he believes anything or not, provided he possesses requisite discipline and talent. Do you call for proof? Well, it is available in superabundance. What particular religious or high ethical principle underlies "Vanity Fair," "Madame Bovary," "The Egoist," for that matter, "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Don Quixote"? The business of the artist is to *create character*, as Mr. Mencken recently reminded the rebels. Character does not depend on the artist's beliefs. He deals with the beliefs, actions, professions, of his creatures. The artist must understand his characters, whether he likes them or not. The artist has ample material, since life is as rich as ever. You can paint crooked bankers, fanatical doctrinaires, unscrupulous lawyers, flighty women, arrogant and cruel men. You can paint communists and other insurgents, as Turgeniev did, without approving their doctrines. You can write "Strictly Dishonorable" without believing either in monogamy or in free love. You can write "Anna Christie" without entertaining definite beliefs regarding drink or prostitution. For guiding principles, there are always justice and humanity.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

Chicago, Ill.

Play-to or Ply-to?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: In his review of "Grand Canary," by A. J. Cronin, Basil Davenport wonders "Why does Plato always appear in the Irishman's speech as Playto?" Does your reviewer forget that Mr. Cronin is a Britisher? Isn't this spelling intended to represent the pronunciation in British with the first syllable pronounced as we might spell it, Ply-to—the long *i* sound to rhyme with pie?

CLARENCE STRATTON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

The New Books

Fiction

WIND IN THE EAST. By ANNA ROBESON BURR. Duffield & Green. 1933. $2.

This is a pleasant, unpretending romantic novel, laid in the island of Rhodes, that almost unvisited land where Turks and Greeks and Italians live together among the relics of the classical civilization and the Crusaders' medieval, half-Oriental magnificence. To this island comes Jane Eden, an American girl by adoption and bringing-up, but of a parentage of which nothing is known except that it is foreign—and of course it turns out that she has some of ancient Rhodes in her blood. She has come to be secretary to a collector and man of letters, who has in his possession the manuscript of Byron's lost memoir, a tempting bait for thieves; and further, she meets and falls in love with a Greek-Irish adventurer who is planning a revolution against the Italian government.

There is if anything rather too much plot; the book is not so exciting as it tries to be, and the reason, one feels, is that the various threads of interest spoil one another's effect instead of reinforcing it. The value of the book, however, is the setting, and this is excellently depicted. The author makes great use of the medley of nationalities at the present time, and of the remains of civilization on civilization; her mere description of the place holy in a religion far older and more primitive than that of Zeus and Apollo is more breath-taking than all her carefully provided thrills of action and suspense. The novelty and richness of the scene are enough to make this a readable book for an idle afternoon.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SHORT STORIES. Edited by SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $2.25.

The making of short story anthologies is at best a thankless task, for while the anthologist is presumably convinced of the uniform excellence of his choice, his selection remains a matter of personal taste, and it is extremely unlikely that any majority of readers could ever be found whose personal taste would coincide with that of the anthologist. Miss Bates at least avoids presumption: " . . . the stories in this book are intended to be evidence of what can be done, because it has been done, in a fascinating medium becoming every day more elastic." Her title avoids the debatable word "best," the dangerous word "great." Grant her statement quoted above, and it cannot but be granted, and you will accept her book. Certainly it will provide more than two dollars and twenty-five cents worth of entertainment.

For criticism, again, is also a matter of personal taste, and if you grant the critic's standards, which is easy, and accept his ability to recognize those standards, which is difficult, you will accept his judgments. Hence a definition of terms is always necessary, though too infrequently made. This reviewer's personal taste leads him to these conclusions: that there are here represented three stories of superlative merit; stories that, through the combination of their material, their authors' sensitivity and ability to externalize their vision, are deeply revelatory of human character: Thomas Mann's "Disorder and Early Sorrow"; Lawrence's "The Captain's Doll," and Aldington's "At All Costs." This is a fair enough average for a volume of thirty-one stories, and the average is further raised by three stories of almost equal merit: Faulkner's "That Evening Sun Go Down," Kay Boyle's "The First Lover," and Coppard's "Fine Feathers." From that point the volume scales down through "good" and fair to downright poor, including stories by Anderson, Hemingway, Aiken, Zona Gale, William March, Pilniak, Frances Newman, Pirandello, and others. The range of material is wide and generally interesting, and the reader will inevitably make his own judgments.

SUNSET HARBOR. By CHARLES WHARTON STORK. Philadelphia: Roland Swain. 1933. $2.

Dr. Stork, sometime professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, and well known as a translator, anthologist, and editor, and as a poet, makes his debut as a novelist with this tale, which, in his subtitle, he calls "a modern idyll." It is a smoothly efficient performance, in a manner somewhat outmoded but, perhaps, for many readers, none the worse for that. It is a variation upon the theme of the good, but poor, young man, the rich, but rather bad, young man, and the girl with ideals who starts the trouble by engaging herself to the bad young man under the mistaken notion that she loves him. The evolution of the proper happy ending is well managed, with good dramatic effects. The tale is expressly dated a few years after the war, but its psychology, as a whole, seems to be that of a considerably earlier period.

PRELUDE TO DEPARTURE. By SYLVIA PAUL JERMAN. Harpers. 1933. $2.

Despite a considerable amount of affectation, Mrs. Jerman's first novel shows undoubted promise. The mechanics of her story are often unnecessarily complicated, since the lives of the two principal characters are developed first together, then separately, and finally together again, with curious divagations from the normal chronological order of things. Yet the portrait of the fear-ridden Charles Moynihan is in the main successful, particularly in the scenes devoted to his childhood and youth, in which the author displays considerable power in recreating the mysterious and shadowy atmosphere of the formative period. After his marriage to the crippled Daisy Thornton, who is more conventionally drawn, the cloudiness of Mrs. Jerman's style and vagueness of her thought seem less appropriate. The narrative becomes involved and wandering before it comes to an abrupt though inevitable ending, in which Charles at last breaks away from his comfortable home life, and dares to live. While it cannot be said that "Prelude to Departure" is a good novel, it demonstrates clearly that much may be expected in the future from Mrs. Jerman if she cares to exercise her talents in less mannered ways, devoting them instead to a more definite narrative purpose.

THE LADIES' ROAD. By PAMELA HINKSON. Longmans, Green. 1933. $2.

Under a harmless and amiable title Miss Hinkson has concealed the hard realities of another novel about the war. Her "Ladies' Road" is, in fact, the Chemin des Dames of bitter memory, and though there is little actual description of the front in her book, it permeates the whole story. The author seems to feel that the women of her Anglo-Irish group, all of whom lose some person to whom they are devoted, are as much victims of the struggle as if they had been killed in France. Her young people, Cynthia and Stella, David, Godfrey, and the others, are all profoundly affected from the time the delightful peace time atmosphere of their childhood is wiped out in August, 1914, though many of them are not directly involved until later. This change in their lives is the subject of the first part of Miss Hinkson's book. Then follows the "Home Front," accurately pictured, with the agony of waiting for news, the restlessness and discontent barely hidden beneath a patriotic demeanor. Finally the tragic aftermath, the return of the survivors to Ireland and the great disillusionment of the post-war period, brings the whole to a satisfactory if unusually gloomy close.

The author handles this chronicle of private lives in a great crisis with much restraint and evident sincerity of purpose. Her characters, particularly the women, are well drawn, consistent and fully alive. As a picture of the average man's war, an intensely small-scale affair of day to day anxieties almost more difficult to bear than actual tragedy, it has its value. In addition, Miss Hinkson writes of country life in England and Ireland charmingly, and especially well of that important adjunct to it,—the animals. Best of all, in spite of an ample display of feeling about it all she is not given to excessive sentiment or lurid explosions of hate. The war moves her, in fact, but only to a sort of desperate resignation. This makes it unlikely that her book will ever be seized upon by the sensation hunters or the anti-war propagandists, yet perhaps this very characteristic will ensure it a more valuable and enduring audience.

LOST. By DALE COLLINS. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $2.

The mechanism of Mr. Collins's tale of shipwreck in the Antarctic may seem familiar at first glance, since he has consciously or unconsciously repeated many of the situations previously exploited by

(*Continued on page* 633)

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N. Y. Herald Tribune

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ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

TWO recent books on poetry, addressed to the average reader and designed to create an interest in poetry for those who distrust it, are DISCOVERING POETRY, by Elizabeth Drew (Norton), and PREFACE TO POETRY, by Theodore Maynard (Century), the first written by a keen critic, the second by a practising Catholic poet. I can recommend them both to the layman who thinks he cannot understand poetry. Mr. Maynard's book is by far the longer, but not nearly so well arranged as the other. Miss Drew's I find an almost wholly admirable introduction to her subject. Miss Drew also takes up the most modern developments of poetry, in their proper place, with a clarity of exposition and a sanity of viewpoint that could hardly be bettered. Mr. Maynard touches little upon these matters, chiefly in "asides," though some of these shed light with their humor. I should advise the reading of Miss Drew's book first, to be followed by Mr. Maynard's more at one's leisure. An excellent feature of both books is that each quotes many poems. For, as Miss Drew says, in her preface:

> It is only the reading of poetry which can teach the love of poetry, it is only the direct contact with the stuff itself.

Both books, therefore, give you "direct contact with the stuff itself," but they also lead you from one poem to another with illuminating comment. Miss Drew's manner of writing is rather less involved than Mr. Maynard's, and more truly analytical. It is also slightly more formal, though usually penetrating. In warning the reader against the entirely rational approach to poetry, she says:

> Alternatively, the intellectual, rational approach to poetry is like tenseness and rigidity in muscular effort. It at once inhibits free coördination, causes a stasis in the nerve centres, and interferes with the harmonizing power which is struggling to work toward greater fulness of life.

Whereas Mr. Maynard is more concerned with warning the ordinary reader against trusting himself "as a kind of barometer in the case of poetry"

> cancel your membership in the Gooseflesh Society. I mean—do not trust your personal reactions too much; do not suppose that because you happen to get a thrill out of a poem it must be good.

Both injunctions are needed. "It is easier still to read too emotionally," says Miss Drew herself. And she points out that

> the more superficial the response it [poetry] asks for, the more easy it is to call it out. Commonplace poems about home, love, nature, children, sorrow, and silver linings are popular because all these things are the most familiar of stimuli, and there is a whole array of easy responses waiting on the threshold of our consciousness to respond at once to any of them.

DEAR ME, EMILY!

Again she says "Mediocre poetry of all kinds is popular simply because people are willing to let their taste remain mediocre, that is all." And that goes to the root of the matter. Both her and Mr. Maynard's books are endeavors to improve the average reader's taste by pointing out exactly why the good is good, why the bad is bad, and what poetry is and means. Their attitudes toward Emily Dickinson's definition of poetry "If I read a book . . . and I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry . . . is there any other way?" would seem, at first, to be different. Miss Drew muses, "Ultimately, perhaps, there *is* no other way of knowing. That is, poetry is a particular stimulus, which provides a certain kind of response in the right sort of reader. And the whole business of criticism is an effort to try and discover what the nature of that stimulus is, and what the nature of that response is, and what makes the right sort of reader." But Mr. Maynard says that all he could find to say at first was "Dear me, Emily!" And then announces flatly that there *is* another way. "And that is by testing of it by the intellect." As a matter of fact, however, Miss Drew herself expounds this matter elsewhere. So they do not differ fundamentally, after all.

MAKING A POEM

So far as the actual making of poetry goes, Miss Drew is excellent in analyzing the writing of Keats's "Sonnet on Chapman's Homer," somewhat in Professor Lowes's manner, and Mr. Maynard is illuminating in quoting from Dorothy Wordsworth on the inception of Wordsworth's "The Solitary Reaper" and "Stepping Westward," the former poem being acclaimed also by Miss Drew. Here we really grasp some of the loose material floating in the poet's consciousness that contributed to a particular act of literary creation.

Miss Drew shows the reader exactly why D. H. Lawrence's "Piano" is immeasurably superior to Eliza Cook's sentimental "The Old Arm Chair"; why the latter, enormously popular in its day, is in reality, very minor verse, while Lawrence produced true poetry. She also demonstrates why, beside Sir Thomas Wyatt's "They flee from me," Ernest Dowson's far-famed "Cynara" is actually mere "sensuous excitement." But no less, in his Chapter XVI, does Mr. Maynard reveal the reasons for the badness of James Russell Lowell's "To a Dandelion" and of Oscar Wilde's "Ave Imperatrix." The fundamental fault of most of such poetry, as he points out, is its insincerity, which involves, in the case here of at least three accomplished technicians, all the other faults that crowd upon their poems.

THE HUMPTY-DUMPTY OF IT

To those who would grapple with the latest and most modern poetry, I recommend Miss Drew's chapter on modern expression versus the old idea of "communication." This has no counterpart in Mr. Maynard's book. But we live in an age of Relativity, and Miss Drew's explanation is important, as to what has happened to the poets in respect to it. Her use of Humpty Dumpty's language from "Alice in Wonderland" is cogent:

> "The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."
> "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

So says the modern poet in "private reaction to his private experience." The attitude is well analyzed. Miss Drew also comments upon some modern critics' "insistence on plausible reasons for *not* interpreting" some modern poems, "which cannot but rouse suspicions that the critic finds interpretation as difficult as the common reader." Then she quotes the explanation made to Harriet Monroe by the late Hart Crane of one of his cryptic poems, and refers to the complete lack of "key" to their work presented to us by so many modern poets. However, this critic holds the scales even. She admits that a "special 'sense' for a new poetry, analogous to the 'road sense' which develops from the driving of a car, grows as the new forms and language lose their strangeness," and later on she shows clearly why the attempts at a new language in poetry, to express our own age, are being made.

IN A CHANGED UNIVERSE

Miss Drew avows that the "attitude of the sensitive man towards the place he holds in the universe has entirely changed." This Mr. Maynard, from the standpoint of an ancient established religion, cannot see, or if he sees it, feels to be only a temporary aberration. In reality it is a much more profound condition than that. There are certain aspects of our time for which we actually have no proper vocabulary as yet. I think it will surprise you to learn, top of page 169 of "Discovering Poetry," how many words Shakespeare used for the first time. His Elizabethan audience may easily have thought of him as a wild experimenter in language. Further, says Miss Drew:

> It is even impossible for us today to gauge at all adequately the shock of "Lyrical Ballads" to the taste of its age, and the radical readjustment necessary to the original readers.

MAYNARD'S HUMOR

Mr. Maynard's book has one quality singular among books on poetry and of great relish. That is, its humor. Maynard is one of those fortunate beings whose truly devotional nature has not affected his keen sense of the ludicrous and his rich appreciation of all the lighter side of the poetic vocation, including parodies, good drinking songs, and the sprightliness of light verse. I should say that his taste at times, in serious poetry, is a bit too catholic—no pun intended. Miss Drew's is more eclectic and her instinct for the most distinguished verse is unerring. But Maynard's volume is a highly enjoyable one and he is a most companionable guide.

There is one direction in which I cannot go as far as does Miss Drew and that is, queerly enough, in the case of a Catholic poet. You might rather expect to find Mr. Maynard the enthusiast Miss Drew proves herself for the work of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Yet, as I have during my life had to do in a number of cases, I do somewhat recant the original pronouncements I made on Father Hopkins's work. One soon begins to realize what a great lot of subtle observation and thought is stuffed into the teeming lines.

The appendices to both books are of much interest. Maynard even furnishes a list of the places to sell poetry! One characteristic of modern books upon poetry is illustrated in each of these volumes—namely, the cavalier treatment of the dear, dry-as-dust old subject of prosody.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CRIME CLUB GOLDEN BOOK OF BEST DETECTIVE STORIES (Crime Club: $2.)	Reprinting complete novels by M. G. Eberhart, Rufus King, Anthony Berkeley; stories by H. C. Bailey, Edgar Wallace, and others.	A 1240-page birthday present for the Crime Club's fifth anniversary.	Your money's worth
THE ALBUM *Mary Roberts Rinehart* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2)	Staid fronts of mansions in dignified residential park mask maelstrom of murders and sinister family secrets solved and uncovered by erratic amateur.	Far better in action, dialogue, typical Rinehart character studies and shivery My-gawd-what-next atmosphere than in deduction—but how much do you want?	N. P. Ultra
THE BROKEN MEN *Val Gielguid* (Houghton Mifflin: $2)	Conservative coterie who would destroy European democracy to bring back pre-war pomp and color runs afoul British secret service.	Intrigue *à la* Oppenheim with clever girl and bull-headed Briton as leading spirits, four very likable villains, and romantic German setting.	Readable
BLOOD ON THE COMMON *Anne Fuller and Marcus Allen* (Dutton: $2)	Unknown found dead in New England village starts tide of accusations and deductive functions of newspaper-man.	Bad let-down at end mitigated by interesting village atmosphere—including viperish town-gossip, who gets throat cut, rapacious Deacon out of H. Alger—and much action.	Fair
THE EMERALD CLASP *Francis Beeding* (Little Brown: $2)	Discovery in husband's desk of jewelry belonging to girl-friend who had apparently killed herself starts bride thinking—just in time.	Cold blooded villainy in France and England and excellent characterizations, especially female, put this tale above average. No detectives present.	Very good

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 631)

others in "The Admirable Crichton," "The Mysterious Island," "Orphan Island," and other less distinguished modern books about castaways and their doings. Fantastic and improbable plots are so much a part of this sort of book that they may be taken for granted, and it is only the author's viewpoint that can renew the whole. Mr. Collins conforms often to type.

An important element of novelty there is, however, in the principal figure of the tale, a child (or brat, as Mr. Collins prefers to call her) of fourteen, through whose shrewd eyes the wild course of the "Avonbridge," commanded by a madman, is followed. She is a delightful creation, who grows up with the story, and is never the conventional fictionized child. Her detached position among so many adults is an advantage, too, since she is in the confidence of everyone, and can observe the behavior of her fellow passengers, as Mr. Collins says, "undistracted by sex, not prejudiced by sentiment or numbed by alcohol, nicotine, and the other drugs—real or figurative—to which adults are driven." After the disaster, when the survivors find themselves marooned on an island deprived of any of the usual amenities, her position becomes still more unique. Ice, penguins, seals, a cave or two —this is the inventory of what Thompson Island offers the amusingly assorted group, which includes a prima donna, a Mormon missionary, a millionaire — the cast, in fact, for a first-class farce.

In recounting their subsequent adventures, there is perhaps less of the cool brutality which Mr. Collins has done so well ever since "Ordeal" first made his name known, than one might have liked. The first half of the book is done in such detail that the end seems not unnaturally to be a little hasty and unnecessarily summary. Yet as a whole the narrative holds together by the sheer violence and strength of Mr. Collins's style. It is melodrama, which the reader accepts perforce, with the grotesque and the sentimental, the stock characters and the refreshingly new ones, all making together an unusual and exciting book.

DAMASCUS LIES NORTH. By EDWARD THOMPSON. Knopf. 1933. $2.35.

Since 1918, we have seen the tone of books about the war change from the romantic hero-worship of Coningsby Dawson and Donald Hankey to an understandably bitter cynicism that could scarcely grant even courage to a single soldier. One of the pioneers in this latter school of war books was Mr. Thompson, whose "These Men, Thy Friends," coming out well before "All Quiet on the Western Front" and the other landmarks of the change, attracted a good deal of attention in England because of its savage portrayal, not only of war as horrible, but of the British Army as stupid, snobbish, and wasteful of its men. Now, by a singular irony, Mr. Thompson's own recollections of military life seem to have grown mellow with time just as the viewpoint of his earlier book is becoming general. In "Damascus Lies North" he has written a double love story laid behind the lines, in a book full of conventionally heroic Englishmen.

This is not to say that the book is not true to the facts of life in a certain part of the British army. There can be no doubt at all that his likable young officers did exist in great numbers, and no reasonable doubt that cricket-matches on Olivet, like the one that is described at such length, and love making with American Relief girls, were of more importance to them than the actual fighting. But it does mean that the tone of the book is a curious reversion to nineteenth-century romanticism, in which wars and cataclysms are of importance only as obstacles in the course of true love, and even the death of one of the two heroes is little more than the suitable conclusion to a certain type of romance. It is a readable book, for it competently presents attractive young people in picturesque circumstances; but it is a sadly unimportant book to follow "These Men, Thy Friends."

History

JOHN McLEAN'S NOTES OF A TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' SERVICE IN THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY. Edited by W. S. WALLACE. Toronto: The Champlain Society. 1932. Limited edition of 550 copies.

The Champlain Society here reprints, in its usual distinguished format and with copious notes, another of the notable source records of the Canadian fur trade, making available one of the sprightliest tales of the far northern frontier ever penned. John McLean's "Notes," out of print since 1849, well deserves this attention.

McLean was a Highland Scot, speaking Gaelic as his native tongue, who entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in the winter of 1820-21, at the age of twenty-one. The Company was then liquidating the costly struggle it had been waging with the North West Company for the control of the Canadian fur trade, a battle of the giants fought all the way from frozen marts in the mountains of British Columbia to the counting rooms of London. As a junior clerk, McLean was not fully aware of the history and background of that struggle, but he participated in the mopping-up operations which followed it. Twenty-five years later, when he wrote this book, he describes it briefly, but from a partisan standpoint, for by that time he had separated from the Company's service under humiliating conditions.

When he settled down to write his book, in Guelph, Ontario, in 1847, McLean possessed those essentials to successful authorship—a great hate and a great love. His hate was Sir George Simpson, governor of Hudson's Bay territories, master of an imperial realm, whose failure to continue McLean in authority in the Mackenzie river district drove the latter to resign. The author's love was Canada, and his book ends with a blasting picture of the slow destruction being wrought on wilderness Canada, its Indians and animals, by the short-sighted policies followed by the Company after it had reinstated its monopoly.

Quite apart from its strong opinions and salty verdicts, this book of McLean's has high literary merit. It is easy to agree with Mr. Wallace when he says that he knows of no original document in connection with the history of the fur-trade that approaches more nearly to what De Quincey calls "the literature of power." John McLean performed several remarkable journeys and explorations, ranging the continent from Labrador to the Rockies, from Montreal to the lower reaches of the Mackenzie. These were part of his work, and of many other men who have left records of their travels, their dealings with savages, their desperate sufferings and privations. But McLean's tale lifts itself to almost epic heights by reason of the author's compressed, nervous style, his terse, penetrating descriptions, the dramatic touches which illumine his sagas of the human spirit's wrestle with want and wilderness. The discoverer of the Great Falls of Labrador, higher than Niagara, was himself a torrent of literary power.

Sociology

CRIMINALS AND POLITICIANS. By DENIS TILDEN LYNCH. Macmillan. 1932. $2.

TRIBUNES OF THE PEOPLE. By RAYMOND MOLEY. Yale Univ. Press. 1932. $2.50.

"Racket" is a convenient term for identifying organized lawlessness of diverse character. The racket may be of criminal origin, or it may be a by-product of class warfare, or of efforts of an industry to stabilize itself. Mr. Lynch, while aware of these distinctions, is concerned with effects rather than causes. His story of the racket during recent years is woven into a dramatic narrative, with emphasis on the good-fellowship of racketeering existing between gangsters and politicians and occasionally reaching into respectable banking and business circles. Most lurid of the rackets, bootlegging receives half of Mr. Lynch's attention. Other chapters are devoted to less spectacular but often more insidious forms of organized lawlessness: the milk racket, the fake securities racket, a variety of rackets in industry. From the latter, big business is no more immune than little, and the cost, running into billions, is passed along to the public.

Mr. Lynch attributes the alliance between politicians and criminals to prohibition, intimating that repeal would help undermine the union. On the other hand, politicians and criminals seem to tend toward affinity even without aid of Volstead, as is demonstrated by Professor Moley in "Tribunes of the People."

In 1930, Judge Samuel Seabury inaugurated a crusade by tilting the lid of the New York City magistrates' courts, exposing to view a ring of police and lawyers carrying on a lucrative traffic in framing women on charges of immorality. Trails uncovered by Seabury led from courts back to district club-houses, and resulted in hasty resignation of three magistrates and removal from office of two others. Professor Moley, who assisted in the investigation, summarizes its results, and offers suggestions for improvement.

Professor Moley devotes good chapters to the preponderant influence for betterment that might be exerted by the magistrates' courts, given proper organization and personnel. The Seabury investigation brought about a temporary penitent spirit, and some minor reforms, but the nine days' sensation passed into history, and most of Judge Seabury's recommendations for permanent improvement remain in limbo.

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

The Arches of the Years. H. Sutherland. Morrow. $2.75. *Fanny Kemble.* L. S. Driver. Univ. of North Carolina Pr. $3. *Ludwig Lewisohn.* A. Gillis. Duffield. $1.50. *Letters of Courtship between John Torr and Maria Jackson.* Ed. E. F. Carritt. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.50.

DRAMA

Peer Gynt. H. Ibsen. Trans. and ed. G. Hult. Put. $2.50.

FICTION

The Broken Men. Val Gielgud. Houghton. $2. *Blood on the Common.* Dutton. $2. *The Shanghai Bund Murders.* V. W. Mason. Crime Club. $2. *Eagle Feather.* C. I. Dodd. Appl. *Telling the World.* G. O. Squier. Cent. $2. *The Emerald Clasp.* F. Beeding. Little. $2.

FOREIGN

Ite Missa Est. A. Godoy. Grasset.

MISCELLANEOUS

Life in Lexu. H. Powdermaker. Nort. $4. *Early Songs of Uncle Sam.* G. S. Jackson. Boston: Humphries. $5. *The Dynamics of Therapy.* J. Taft. Macmil. $2.50. *The Administration of Justice.* Ed. R. Moley and S. Chuyler. *The Way Out.* U. Sinclair. Farrar. $1. *Fountain Boy.* N. Brant. Vang. $2. *Practical Advertising.* H. F. King. Appl. $2.50. *Economic Development of the United States.* I. Lippincott. Appl. $4. *Goldsmith and His Booksellers.* E. E. Kent. Cornell Univ. Pr. $1.25. *The American Transportation Problem.* H. G. Moulton and Associates. Brookings Institution. $3. *Hewitt's Handbook of Fly Fishing.* E. R. Hewitt. Marchbanks. *The Investor Pays.* Max Lowenthal. Knopf. $2.50 net. *Children and Puritanism.* S. Fleming. Yale Univ. Pr. $2.50.

PAMPHLET

Masters' Essays in History. A. Nevins. Colum. Univ. Pr. 20 cents.

PHILOSOPHY

How We Think. J. Dewey. Heath. $2.

SCIENCE

Sparks from the Electrode. C. L. Mantell. Cent. $1. *The Development of Physical Thought.* L. B. Lieb. Wiley. $3.75. *The Discovery of the Elements.* M. E. Weeks. Easton, Pa.: Mack.

TRAVEL

A Modern Pilgrimage. M. Berenson. Appl. *Letters from Holland.* K. Capek. Put. $1.50.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

H. *E., Ohio State University, asks for books about diplomats and their lives, and about diplomacy, during the past thirty years: memoirs are especially desired.* To begin with, the third edition, revised with bibliographies to date, of the standard two-volume "Guide to Diplomatic Practice" of Sir Ernest Satow (Longmans, Green) appeared in 1932; the first edition was published in 1917. "War and Diplomacy in the French Republic," by Frederick Lewis Schuman (McGraw-Hill), reviews international relationships since 1870, showing how diplomatic machinery works and on what power; the Ruhr episode has much space. "Diplomatic Relations between the United States and Japan," by P. J. Treat (Stanford University Press), comes just outside this time-range, going from 1853 to 1895; it is a detailed digest for scholars. "European Diplomatic History," by R. J. Sontag, has recently come from the Century Company, and from the Columbia University Press, "Diplomatic Protection of Americans in Mexico," by F. S. Dunn. Another recent publication is "Foreign Policy from a Back Bench" (Oxford University Press), by T. P. Conwell-Evans, based on papers of Lord Noel Buxton, who tried first to avert the war, and then to shorten it by peace negotiations; it goes from 1904 to 1918 and has portrait sketches of personalities. In "An Undiplomatic Diary" (Columbia University Press), an impatient army officer, Major-General H. H. Bandholz of the Interallied Military Mission to Hungary in 1919, speaks out. Henry M. Wriston's "Executive Agents in American Foreign Relations" (Johns Hopkins Press) is a history of the use of agents by the President without the consent of Congress to their appointment, the record running from Silas Deane to Colonel House. The "Intimate Papers of Edward House," arranged into narrative form by Charles Seymour, are published in four volumes by Houghton Mifflin; the first two volumes are also published in their dollar volume Riverside Library. "The Foreign Service of the United States," by Tracy H. Lay, is published by Prentice-Hall; "Conduct of Foreign Relations under Modern Democratic Conditions," by DeWitt C. Poole, comes from Yale University Press. I have named nothing out of print in this country.

The war and its aftermath in this aspect appears in "The Diplomatic Background of the War," by Charles Seymour (Yale University Press), which goes from 1870 to 1914, and in "Diplomatic Europe Since the Treaty of Versailles," by Count Carlo Sforza (Yale University Press). This deals with the relations of France and Germany, Poland and Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and the Allied Powers, and the Roman Catholic Church and European nationalisms.

One of the most readable autobiographies from which an outsider in politics may get an idea of the successive waves that broke in diplomatic crises before the sea-wall went down in 1914, is "Twenty-Five Years," by Earl Grey (Stokes: 2 vols.); this goes from 1892 to two years after the outbreak of the Great War. It is not surprising that diplomats should in general write with grace, but there is a spiritual lucidity in the thought as well as the style of Grey of Falloden. Our ambassador's story of the Near East is in Henry Morgenthau's "The Secrets of the Bosphorus" (Doubleday, Doran); his autobiography is "All in a Lifetime." Robert Underwood Johnson's "Remembered Yesterdays" (Little, Brown) gives his experience as Italian ambassador as one of his four lives bound up in one that make his life-story; our later representative, Richard Washburn Child, speaks in "A Diplomat Looks at Europe" (Duffield). "My Diplomatic Education," by Norval Richardson, was published ten years ago by Dodd, Mead and is still in print; "Diplomatic Episodes," by William Carey Morey (Longmans, Green), reviews historical incidents bearing on international relations. Brand Whitlock's "Belgium" (Appleton: two vols.) is one of the permanent personal records of the war. Viscount D'Abernon's "Diary of an Ambassador" was published here in 1931 by Doubleday, Doran: in England it was called "Ambassador to Peace"; he was British ambassador to Germany after the war, and the third volume deals with the Locarno pact and the Dawes Plan. "That Man Dawes," by Paul Leach (Reilly & Lee), is a journalistic sketch from childhood to the London Naval Conference.

The most outspoken, and in some respects the most informing, of the German reminiscences are the four volumes of the "Memoirs" of Bernhard von Bülow (Little, Brown); the fourth of these, first in chronological order, deals with his "Early Years and Diplomatic Training." The "Memoirs of a Diplomat," by Konstantin Dumba, Austrian Ambassador to America in wartime (Little, Brown), deals in its first part with his previous diplomatic experience, especially from the social side.

M. *C. H. S., Mahanoy City, Pa., asks for a book on William Penn and Pennsylvania.* The founder of Pennsylvania has had to pull out from under a much lighter weight of books than the Father of his Country, but I know of no American hero with a better book about him than Arthur Pound's "The Penns of Pennsylvania" (Macmillan). This is a group portrait like one of those rich, deep family canvases of the Dutch; it takes in the bellicose Admiral Pen of Pepys's day and continues through the fortunes of the later members of the family in England, but the central figure is Great Penn, whose beauty of character lights the whole. It makes rapid reading throughout, but I am most moved by the chapter on his old age, when a "stroke" had taken away most of his mind and none of his religion. He could always talk about God; that lasted when his brain and his body were otherwise past work. That was one reason why his wife called him, all through that long, clouded time, "my poor dearest," and "my second-selfe." I have long since decided that people do not grow better or worse with old age; they only become progressively more so, whatever they were when they were younger.

M. *E. A., Bridgewater, Mass., is interested in the repertory theatre and asks for titles or bibliographies.* The latest book to give this subject careful attention is "Footlights across America," by Kenneth Macgowan (Harcourt, Brace), a survey of the little theatre in America invaluable to students of our stage, for more reasons than I have space to set down. There is a section on repertory theatres in this country, and some of those abroad are discussed. Of the older books, Basil Dean's "The Repertory Theater" (Liverpool, 1911), P. P. Howe's "The Repertory Theater" (New York, 1911), Percy MacKaye's "The Civic Theater" (Boston, 1917), Rolland's "The People's Theater" (N. Y., 1918), come at once to mind; they are likely to be in public library collections. An excellent bibliography for the student of the stage will be found at the back of Barrett Clark's "Study of the Modern Drama" (Appleton)—and if clubs making drama programs—especially for study of the European stage—will make a note of this book, it may save my answering a great many letters asking for a study manual, complete in every detail, for the stage in every country in modern times.

Add to the list of books about jobs, lately printed here on request, the new, revised, and enlarged edition of "The Book of Opportunities," by Rutherford H. Platt(Putnam). Its special interest is in "the human side of jobs"; it is, in the words of its author, "a protest that comes at a time when depressed people are willing, out of sheer necessity, to be regimented." Against this the book speaks on behalf of the individual.

THE career of S. S. Wateree is not yet at an end. The reference to it in this department as sitting on a mountain-top, left by a tidal wave, were so interesting to J. G. E., Buffalo, N. Y., that he chose the subject of earthquakes for discussion in a man's club this coming winter, and now asks me to suggest other books on this moving topic. "Earthquakes and Other Earth Movements," by J. C. Milne (Appleton), is a little book full of information on their nature, causes, and effects; the author established a seismic survey of over nine hundred stations in Japan, where he was working. "Physics of Earthquake Phenomena," by C. G. Knott (Oxford), is an important large and scholarly work based on first-hand studies, also in Japan, where he was professor of Physics at the University of Tokyo; it tells how Japan broadened the field of seismology. "Our Mobile Earth," by Reginald A. Daly (Scribner), is a copiously illustrated volume concerned principally with earthquakes and volcanoes. "Earthquake Damage and Earthquake Insurance," by J. R. Freeman (McGraw-Hill), is the only book in English on the engineering side of seismology; it is one for specialists in its field, but I could not make such a list as this without putting it in. "The Earth Upsets," by Chase S. Osborn (Williams and Wilkins), is crowded with facts on movements of the earth's surface, landslips, subsidences, and emergencies.

Now if someone should ask me for a list of earthquake fiction, I wonder if Hawthorne's peerless short story "The Ambitious Guest" would qualify? For it has the best landslip in literature.

W. *H. F., White Haven, Pa., asks for a book on comparative religions, and for one with a historic account of the compilation of the Bible as we know it today.* "Seven Great Bibles," by A. W. Martin (Stokes), would meet both needs, if concise statements were required in either case. Its approach to each religion presented is through its sacred books; the result is a comparison in an open-minded spirit. "How the Great Religions Began," by Joseph Geer (McBride), is a popular history; another is Gaius C. Atkins's "Procession of the Gods" (R. R. Smith). It should be noted that there is a new, revised, and enlarged edition of one of the best handbooks on this subject: "The World's Living Religions," by Robert E. Hume of Union Theological (Scribner).

"How the Bible Grew," by Frank Lewis Gran (University of Chicago), is a popular outline of its history; Josiah Penniman's "Book about the English Bible" (Macmillan) is a concise account of its sources and literary background. These are both for the general reader. A. Edward Newton's "The Greatest Book in the World" (Little, Brown) opens with a discussion of rare editions of the Bible.

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

HAWAII

Clifford Gessler, of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin,* sends news from mid-Pacific of what must have proved the biggest shock of the year. He also includes some milder items:—

News of the attempt in New York City to suppress *Erskine Caldwell's* "God's Little Acre" reached Honolulu just after a bookseller had recommended—and sold—a copy to a woman who is a member of one of Hawaii's most prominent missionary families. The bookseller had read the title, and thought Mr. Caldwell had written a religious book.

The financial depression has turned the soldiers at Schofield Barracks from lighter pursuits to reading. *Mrs. Marylee Chlosta,* librarian at the post, reports that the number of officers and enlisted men using the library has tripled since 1928. Last year 940 officers and more than 3,600 enlisted men—more than half the normal population of the post—were library patrons. They read 11,567 books in the year. The increase in the figures is not due to decrease in United States pay, but to the fact that high school and college graduates are now enlisting in greater numbers. The greatest demand at the soldiers' library has been for *Pearl Buck's* "The Good Earth," *Christopher Morley's* "Human Being," *W. Somerset Maugham's* "The Narrow Corner," *Sinclair Lewis's* "Anne Vickers," and *Ernest Hemingway's* "Death in the Afternoon."

The *Charles Eugene Banks* memorial committee recently voted to apply its memorial fund to an annual award for creative composition by a student at the University of Hawaii. Mr. Banks, whose personality is to be commemorated by the award, was a poet, dramatist, and newspaper man, the associate of *Susan Glaspell, George Cram ("Jig") Cook, Floyd Dell,* and others in Chicago. He died in Honolulu a year ago. The money was collected in voluntary contributions by admirers of Mr. Banks.

Stefan Zweig's "Marie Antoinette" sold out in a Honolulu store the day of its arrival.

Dagny Carter Murphy (Mrs. Henry Killam Murphy) passed through Honolulu recently on her way to New York to interview publishers about her new book on Chinese art, and gave a series of lectures on the subject at the Honolulu Academy of Arts.

KENTUCKY

From Lexington, *Francis Sewell McVey* writes:—

Lucy Furman, author of "Mothering on Perilous," "Quare Women," "Lonesome Road," and other stories of the Kentucky mountains, has received the 1932 George Fort Milton award of $200. This award goes each year to the southern woman writer who has "accomplished the most for women." Both social service and literary value was considered in the 1932 choice. Miss Furman was born in Henderson, Kentucky, went to the Hindman Settlement School in Knott County for a short visit, and became so interested in mountain people that she stayed there for twenty-five years!

May Stone of Louisville and *Katherine Pettit* of Lexington are the two "quare women" who, some thirty years ago, established the Hindman school. Miss Pettit later founded Pine Mountain Settlement School.

The house in which Chad, of *John Fox Jr.'s* "Little Sheperd of Kingdom Come" attended his first dancing party, and the house built by Parson Moore of *James Lane Allen's* "Flute and Violin," are two lovely old Lexington houses. Parson Moore was the first president of Transylvania College, founded in the "county of Kentucky" by the Virginia legislature.

The late *Ellen Churchill Semple,* anthropological writer, born in Louisville, bequeathed to the University of Kentucky her geographical library, many of her books, her manuscripts, and the two gold medals won by her for distinguished achievement in geography and anthropology.

On display at the University of Kentucky library are autographed and presentation copies of *Elizabeth Madox Roberts's* books.

Mrs. Eleanor Mercein Kelly, whose new book, "Arabesque," is just off the press, lives in Louisville in "The Barn," a charming, reconstructed house where she writes her *Saturday Evening Post* stories. *Cale Young Rice* of Louisville recently published a volume of poems, "High Perils." *Alice Hegan Rice's* novel, "Mr. Pete and Co.," now running in *McCall's,* will be published in the fall.

MISSISSIPPI

Virginia O'Leary, of Jackson, wants more libraries in the South. The once derided Sahara of the Bozart may be producing works of literature as *Elizabeth Roberts, Erskine Caldwell, Julia Peterkin,* and others write their books, but where to find them? Miss O'Leary doesn't know. She writes:

I recently gathered some interesting facts about library service in the Southern states for a pamphlet, "Books for the South," issued by the American Library Association. The South has put its educational emphasis for fifty years now on teaching people to read. The query is "Where do we go from here?" The answer is, of course: "To your public library." But to millions in the South this is a sardonic utterance. The South still stands far below the rest of the nation in library facilities, although concerted effort is now being made to supply the growing demand for books. The State universities operate extension bureaus, and a number of counties in each state support library services for rural districts, but this is not enough.

NORTH CAROLINA

And here comes *Waldeen H. White* again, writing about an old book, from Jamestown:—

"A Collection of the Private Acts of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, from the Year 1715 to the Year 1790, Inclusive," was the work of one *François-Xavier Martin,* Attorney at Law, and was published in Newbern, North Carolina, in 1794, with a supplement (1791-1794) bound first, having a preface by F. X. himself. In the supplement is a map (1792), yellowed but quite clear of type, which unfolds to four times pagesize: *Plan of the City of Raleigh, the Seat of the Government of the State of North-Carolina,* and a note concerning the neatly running avenues: *Newbern, Hillsborough, Halifax and Fayetteville Streets are Ninety-nine Feet wide; the others, Sixty-six.* Two points here are perhaps worth noting, the fact that today one might follow the same map safely through the downtown traffic about the old squares, and the evidence (in specifications for streets) of the even then roadmindedness of North Carolina which today agitates her citizens, pro and con!

To quote is a temptation. From the dog-eared *Table* comes this, "Vermin, the destruction of, in certain counties,"—and turning to the listed pages one finds the vermin given as panthers, wolves, wildcats and bears, crows and squirrels! Later Acts, however, exempt the crows and squirrels from such questionable company. Finally comes an entry under the date 1794: "An Act to prevent Gaming-tables in the neighborhood of the university of North-Carolina. Whereas there is reason to believe that billiard-tables, or some other tables or devices for the purpose of playing at games of hazard, near the university of this state, would greatly tend to create idleness and dissipation among the students: Be it therefore enacted . . . that no person shall set up or shall keep up any billiard-table, or any other table or device for playing at any game of hazard, within five miles of the said university . . . he or they so offending shall forfeit and pay the sum of fifty pounds . . . one half for the use of the informer and the other half for the benefit of the state."

The Northcliffe Prize, for a French literary work of imagination, has been awarded to M. André Chamson for his novel, "Heritages." The selection committee included Rebecca West, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and Mrs. J. L. Garvin.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal service to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent; tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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TEACHER desires for summer roving photographic (or other) assignment for expenses and some compensation. Enos.

WANTED by impecunious artist-writer, summer cottage or cabin, within commuting distance N. Y. Suitable for three adults, two high school daughters—rent not more than a trifle—excellent care. Address, "Dum spiro, spero."

TWO GIRLS with fancy but useless college education seek interesting summer employment. Address "Sorbonniana."

TRAINED librarian, four years experience, desires position with publisher, bookshop, or library. New York. Box 167.

WOMAN, college graduate, experienced Physical Director and Physiotherapist. Interests—travel, books, games, swimming. 10 years driving experience. Desires summer position, companion, chauffeur for woman. Box 168.

SUBLET: Furnished apartment, July and August. East Fifties. Three exposures, always cool; piano, radio. Sacrifice to dependable tenant, $65 month. Box 169.

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A GOOD looking young man with a lively intelligence and what goes with it invites a Woman's Discussion on Compensation. Box 170.

WRITER in New York, fairly well-known, and by the evidence of many warm friendships, probably of pleasing personality, needs the stimulus of an attractive and interesting woman's companionship. As far as self-knowledge can warrant can assure her of an equal return. Box 171.

TYLER'S Outlook—A clean, healthful vacation place. Mountain scenery. Plenty of good food. $16 to $21. Folder. George L. Tyler, West Newbury, Vt.

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CHARMING Southern girl, formerly teacher of public speaking and creative writing, desires research, publicity, secretarial, or literary employment. Box 173.

ATTRACTIVE young lady wants part-time work at summer resort in exchange for maintenance and "pin money." Box 174.

CHARMING, esthetic young lady, bereft of interesting contacts, desires stimulating correspondence with admirable gentleman. Box 175.

CULTURED young woman, expert driver, good reader, interesting conversationalist, wants position lady's companion. Box 176.

YOUNG impoverished newspaper woman, housebroken, density low, fatigue with telephone, typewriters, tycoons, high, wants board, room, July, private cottage, Montauk Point or Easthampton. Good for fourth hand, Sims, prevention of contretemps. Box 177.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Quercus sends his heartiest congratulations to Mr. Joe Jennings who on May 29 celebrated 50 years of service with the famous Old Corner Book Store in Boston. If we may be personal, it was Mr. Jennings who, twenty years ago, gave Quercus his first actual experience in retail bookselling. We still remember Mr. Jennings's calm and humorous watchfulness, keeping an eye on everything and keeping a twinkle in that eye. Joe Jennings is one of the quiet members of the Trade, he does not often raise his voice in controversy but he knows better than most of us what is going on. It was observation of Mr. Jennings that impelled Old Quercus to give up the family business in Danish pastry and go in for Books. ☞In almost any other line of traffic both Mr. Jennings and Old Quercus would now be Rich Men.

JOSEPH M. JENNINGS

☞Thinking about Joe Jennings's 50 years in the Old Corner causes Quercus to meditate about all the famous books that have passed, fresh and new, under his eye. Suppose Joe had saved one copy of each of the important ones, in its First Edition, what a Collection he'd have. ☞Old Quercus is seized with a sudden nostalgia for the Books of Joe Jennings's Youth. I wish I'd thought to ask J. J. to give us some reminiscences. When Joe was a beginner on Bromfield Street, Boston, *The Rise of Silas Lapham* was being written. And *The Lady or the Tiger.* And *The Turn of the Screw.* The best of Mark Twain was still to come. Walt Whitman and John Burroughs were publishing. Emily Dickinson was writing her secret thoughts. The old mandarins of New England were still hard at it. Joe remembers seeing them all drop in at the Ancient Angle. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was the sensation of 1886. Still far in the future were Edith Wharton and Jack London and Mary E. Wilkins and F. P. Dunne and Alice Hegan Rice and Charles Major and Kate Douglas Wiggin. What a medley of famous titles must tapestry the well furnished interior of Joe Jennings's memory—grand titles, boys, you don't ever need to get low and liverish about American literature—*The Red Badge of Courage* .... *Monsieur Beaucaire* . . . *Old Chester Tales* .... *The Cardinal's Snuffbox* .... *An Ode in Time of Hesitation* .... *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (forerunner of *The Technocrat of the Logarithm Table*) .... *The Call of the Wild* .... *The Octopus* .... *Short Sixes* .... *Richard Carvel* .... *Fables in Slang* .... *The Blazed Trail* .... *In the Midst of Life* .... *Freckles*. . . .

☞What a lot a bookseller has to know. Unless you can place all those titles at once, by author and publisher and approximate date you're just an infant.

☞Frank Henry of Doubleday's says that 7,000 copies of *The Store* have been sold since it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. ☞Presumably in honor of Mr. Henry an apartment house on 81 Street (only a small one) has been redecorated and named The Henry Arms. We were interested to see what are the arms of the house of Henry: apparently 3 herons and the word FIDELITER. ☞One of Old Quercus's favorite writers is Ruth Suckow and we are enchanted to learn from a work of reference that she is "Owner and Manager of The Orchard Apiary, Earlville, Iowa." —Where the bee sucks there Suckow.

☞Old Quercus likes James Pott & Co.'s idea of Bibles with zipper fasteners .... It's as well to put just a little drop of 3-in-1 oil on the zipper track so it doesn't get rusty.

☞Old Academic Quercus, though no Eli himself, is interested to hear that George Weller's novel of Harvard, *Not to Eat, Not for Love,* was a recent best-seller at Marcia Passage's Sunwise Turn Bookshop, just around the corner from the Yale Club of New York. If Yale men read books about Harvard, do Harvard men read books about God? ☞Quercus might add that his own neutrality did not detract from his pleasure in reading *Not to Eat, Not for Love,* which has the distinction of being the only adult novel of college life he has seen in many years, and is the only one he can remember which derives neither from *Stover at Yale* nor from *Sinister Street.*

☞Publishers, ever alert for what are known as tie-ups, which means books published in connection with other events, are doing justice to the opportunities provided by the Century of Progress Exhibition. From the University of Chicago Press comes *Checagou: From Indian Wigwam to Modern City, 1673-1835;* also *As Others See Chicago,* by 48 authors and 2 editors. Harpers are publishing *A Century of Progress,* edited by Charles A. Beard; Houghton Mifflin are taking it less seriously with *The World's Fair Murders,* by John Ashehurst. ☞ Another Chicago book, less Tied Up with progress—but as pretty a publishing job as has been seen this year—is *Julia Newberry's Diary* (reviewed elsewhere in this issue). After 49 years in an attic and almost three more in a publisher's vault, Julia's diary is finally in book form and looks like a hit.

☞Quercus is reminded by Harcourt, Brace that one of Diego Rivera's frescoes in the Mexican Ministry of Education is a caricature of John D. Rockefeller. Maybe the trouble with the RKO mural was that the head of Lenin isn't a caricature. . . . Our elucidation for RKO is R for Red, K for Ink, and O for Nobody There.

☞The American Book Councillor, sponsored by the Joint Board of Publishers and Booksellers, has prepared a selected list of books on current topics—international relations, the economic situation, political and financial questions. The list, including 53 titles for the selective reader, was edited by Frank H. Simonds, and may be had gratis of booksellers.

☞The publishers of Kallet and Schlinck's *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* have been quick to call attention to the connection between this admirable piece of Consumers' Research and the bill before Congress to put teeth into the tooth-paste and pure food statutes.

☞The Bookshop Round Table is a recent development, a group of twenty-three Eastern booksellers with coöperative purposes. One purpose—the one which will mean the most to the customers—is to read and exchange information on books in advance of publication. In this way they can get a line on many more important books than one bookseller alone could tackle, and be in a better position to advise the hesitating purchaser. They also issue monthly recommended lists, edited by Geraldine Gordon of Hathaway House, Wellesley. Marion Bacon of the Vassar Coop. is Executive Secretary. Other members include Marion Dodd in Northampton and The Holliday Bookshop in New York—all of them "personal" booksellers, who know how to sell the books they like whether or not they happen to be on the best-seller list.

☞More than anything else at the Booksellers' Convention, Monday June 5, Hotel Montclair, New York City, Old Quercus looks forward (and sideways) to the talks by two members of the SATURDAY REVIEW staff—Mr. George Stevens on The Customer's Point of View and Mr. John Chamberlain on Book Reviewing.

☞The Hotel Duane invited a considerable section of the book trade to tea on May 31 to celebrate the opening of the Publishers' Center. Barbara Frost is in charge of the enterprise, which provides a suite (Old Quercus hoped it would be Suite 16, but it's not) for the use of the sundry publishers' luncheon clubs as well as for the more private activities of individual publishers. Presumably these might include anything from signing a contract with an author to staying in town over night instead of commuting to Long Island, Westchester, or New Jersey.

The AMEN CORNER

"Linen from Egypt and Arras cloth from Gaul?" [1]

The Oxonian read with particular interest a stimulating article by Mr. Stark Young in last Wednesday's *New Republic* on *Tapestry: The Mirror of Civilization,* by Phyllis Ackerman, which he calls "so remarkable, absorbing, and erudite a book." It is indeed all these.

As Mr. Young says: "Tapestries are closely bound up with their epochs, as elements in household furniture, as evidence of prestige for their owners or of ostentatious policy, and for us, as historical notations. The purpose of Miss Ackerman's book is to lift out tapestries from their museum inertia into the more exact relation to life that is implicit in them, to indicate their relation to diverse races, cults, conceptions, commerces, societies, personalties and streams of fortune and events, and to increase in us a beautiful, full comprehension."

Dr. Ackerman's book has been received with extraordinary enthusiasm everywhere. As the *New York Times* said, ". . . her horizon is comprehensive . . . To a fascinating theme, forty-eight full-page plates add actuality. For a study that should be enjoyment, Dr. Ackerman is thrice qualified. It is no mere treatise that she achieved. Like Ruskin, she adorns one art by applying to it another. As 'skilled needle-women' were trained to 'embroider wonderful vestments,' so does this skilled woman use her pen to embroider her paragraphs . . . Every chapter in this volume is enriched by the fine culture of Dr. Ackerman herself. . . ."

Another book on one small branch of the same subject has lately been published by the Oxford University Press also—the *Handbook to the Teniers Tapestries,* by H. C. Marillier.[2] The "Teniers" tapestries were the tapestries produced in Belgium and Northern France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, based upon groups and figures taken from Teniers's pictures of peasant scenes. They enjoyed a period of enormous popularity, and Mr. Merillier here tabulates information about the production of these tapestries in the various workshops of the Continent. There are 115 beautiful illustrations.

Tapestry likewise figures prominently in those two magnificent volumes by Joan Evans, *Pattern,*[3] a study of ornament in Western Europe from 1180 to 1900, which has 435 of the finest illustrations we have ever seen. THE OXONIAN.

OUR BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH: *Tapestry: The Mirror of Civilization,* by Phyllis Ackerman. $4.75.

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